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Notes of the Week

MR. ASQUITH has outlined what purports to be the Government programme. It includes a winter session. The Government have only one programme to which they adhere unflinchingly: it is to put off the appeal to the country to the last hour. What happens to Home Rule or the Budget, now or in November, is of much less importance than the risk of place and emolument. On no other ground can their actions be explained. On questions of policy they are not of one mind for three days together. Lord Crewe held out an olive branch when the Lords showed that they intended to amend the Amending Bill; the Lords have amended the Amending Bill in the only way that affords a chance of peace in Ireland, and Lord Morley seizes the occasion to pour out his disgust that the peers had not the courage to reject the Bill altogether. A little later Earl Beauchamp was put up to say that if there was any general desire for a conference the Government would feel in duty bound to call it together. Have they Mr. Redmond's authority for any such suggestion? The Government's idea of conciliation has from the first been to consult Mr. Redmond—and so they keep the miserable game going.

Anything more sinister or contemptible than the attitude of the Radical press over the Ulster demonstrations on the Twelfth it would be difficult to conceive. Be-

cause there were not outbreaks of disorder, we are again told that the Volunteer movement is all bluff, and that Sir Edward Carson is simply playing his favourite rôle. The fact, of course, is that the quietude of Ulster in circumstances at once critical and exciting is the very finest proof of the perfect discipline of the forces prepared to stand by the Provisional Government, if, unhappily, it should ever be called into being. Had there been no Ulster Volunteer movement we dare assert that the Twelfth could not have passed off without riot and serious bloodshed. At a time like the present the Imperial Government will merely accelerate the crisis now held in check if they play or pretend to play the part of the ostrich. Mr. Birrell seems anxious only to pour oil on burning embers when he says all is well and Home Rule will be passed. We have no desire to emulate the extremists among the Unionist papers, who seem as keen to exaggerate on the one side as the Radicals are to minimise on the other. But only the end of tragedy will be served by any attempt to belittle the gravity of the position.

Sir Edward Carson's demand is for "the clean cut" so far as Ulster is concerned. Either that, he says, or be prepared to come over and fight us. What the Government have to do is to make up their various minds whether they will elect to suppress the Ulster movement or leave Ulster alone. The challenge was unmistakable. Last week Sir Edward said, "Enough of this foolery." This week he says, if Ministers do not speedily put an end to the tension, then the Ulstermen will have to do again what their forefathers did at the Battle of the Boyne. Seventy thousand Orangemen, it is estimated, marched past him at Drum-berg. After Sunday's spectacle, Mr. Walter Long and others who witnessed it could have no doubt as to the meaning of it all. Mr. Birrell's suggestion, which Lord Morley seemed to reiterate on Tuesday, that there is general agreement as to the necessity of Home Rule is, said Mr. Long, "absolutely and deliberately false." Home Rule was never less necessary than it is to-day; the resolve of Ulster to be no party to it was never more determined. The Ulster Provisional Government is ready; only the disappearance of Mr. Asquith's Government can prevent its coming into existence.

Professor Pollard, the President of the Historical Association, has made a great discovery. He has not added a river to history, or anything of that sort, as a mere Roosevelt might do, but he has been exploring the archives, or re-reading documents, or speculating anew on well-worn lines, and the upshot of it all is that Magna Charta is a myth! Professor Pollard embarks on the task, which so far has defeated all learning, of proving a negative. Magna Charta was not the sign-manual of our liberties; it was not the outcome of a determined struggle between King and Barons, but the conclusion of a mere no-rent campaign, securing the increment of their estates to the landlords. What

can Macaulay's schoolboy have been doing all these years that he has not long since detected the ridiculously false lead which history has hitherto given? Some day a great light of science will discover that the thin end of the wedge is a myth, and that openings are in no sense effected by it. We have not examined Magna Charta for ourselves, but we believe we are right in saying that there is no mention in it of free education, Church disestablishment, land inquiry, or plural voting. A myth should surely cover these things.

Out of masses of conflicting evidence, Lord Mersey and his colleagues in the inquiry into the loss of the *Empress of Ireland* have extracted the definite and decisive conclusion that the blame rested solely with the collier *Storstad*. Her first officer changed her course, and to that act, which the Court holds to have been "wrong and negligent," the tragedy was due. Captain Andersen of the *Storstad* apparently is furious at the finding, but his anger cannot qualify the general feeling that responsibility has been fixed on the right shoulders. No reflection whatever is cast on the St. Lawrence; the disaster might have happened in any river in the world in similar circumstances. Certain lessons, however, have been taught at the heavy cost of many lives and a fine ship. It is proposed—and the authorities are taking immediate steps to give effect to the recommendation—that incoming vessels, whenever possible, should take one side of the river and outgoing vessels the other side. Such a course is much more practicable on the mighty St. Lawrence than on most other rivers. Lord Mersey has shown his usual thoroughness in the investigation of this shocking affair.

The prevalence of the motor-car and motor-van over every other form of traffic has brought its own problems, and one of the most serious is now being discussed in the London papers. The "blast imperious" of the innumerable horns is becoming a serious matter in the cities, for the general theory of the manufacturers seems to be that the "hooter" must give forth a loud, piercing note—be it bark or bray or bellow—in order to rise above the increasing roar of wheels. It is possible that they mistake quantity for quality in the matter of sound. A note not excessively loud, but clear and pleasing to the ear, would claim attention just as well, and we recommend the clever inventors who are studying this particular development of commercial affairs to devote some time to evolving an apparatus that will produce such a note. As the case stands, many drivers might be cautioned against the excessive use of their horns. It has been pointed out, with truth, that a careful chauffeur who has his car under proper control does not often need to give loud warnings of his approach. At any rate, there is no excuse for the man who races the length of Piccadilly in the small hours of the morning, sounding his piercing blast the whole way—and that, according to some irri-

tated correspondents, is what happens continually. Our nerves are upset quite easily enough without these additional trials, and such behaviour might be made, if it is not already, an offence against the law.

In our notes last week on the results of our Literary Competition we referred to several very interesting instances of mistaken identity. We should have mentioned one noteworthy fact on the other side. All the competitors, without exception, indicated the authorship of two quotations—one from Tennyson's "Princess," the other from Cowper's "Task." Tennyson is still so much with us that it was not surprising the passage from "The Princess" should be recognised; it was, however, gratifying and perhaps a little surprising that the passage from "The Task" was equally readily detected. Lines from Cowper have passed into the common talk of Englishmen as surely as lines from Shakespeare and Pope and Tennyson, and devotees of the Olney shrine will, we think, find in the result of the Competition grounds only for satisfaction.

New records in travelling are quickly forgotten, and it is probable that in a year or two we shall look back with a smile at the enthusiasm of July, 1914, over the man who flew to Paris and back in seven hours, just as we now remember with an effort the sensation of a short time ago when the Channel was crossed by aeroplane for the first time. Nevertheless, such achievements as those of M. Blériot and Mr. Brock are stages—one can hardly say "landmarks"—in the advance of the newest science, and with the aid of Time's backward gaze it is possible from them to express the progress of the conquest of the air in fairly definite terms. We hardly like the phrase "conquest of the air." As yet, in spite of the evidence of history and the assertions of poetry, we have not succeeded in conquering the sea; a storm, an uncharted rock, an obstacle—and our finest ships are lost. We fancy that many years must elapse before the word which signifies absolute victory can be reasonably used with respect to affairs of travel.

The Search

I WAITED for you all my earthly days;
Dimly upon my dreams your image grew,
And on the tide of night my heart I threw
In rhymes that only look'd to you for praise.
I sought for you in every woman's gaze;
At every turn of life's long avenue
I stood and call'd you, and the sins I rue
Were groping steps to you on blinded ways.
I could not find you, sweet, in heaven or earth:
I thought you were the everlasting cry,
The stretching arms, the shoreless agony,
The need that has not taught itself a name:
Then, with the peace of death, the pain of birth,
From all the ages, all the worlds, you came.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Yvonne

WHEN old Stephani plays
 His magic violin
 On Winter Saturdays,
 Down at the Anchor Inn,
 Some step beyond the door,
 And some fall fast asleep,
 But there are three or four
 Who list, and two who weep.
 Old bent Stephani plays
 Strange tunes that he has found
 In dim forgotten days,
 And things put under ground.
 His notes are words of rose
 Soft scented, white and red;
 And there's one air he knows
 That makes me wish him dead.
 For when Stephani plays
 That tune of snow and flame
 I walk in shadowed days,
 And breathe a shadowed name.
 Then they who laugh are two,
 And two there be who cry,
 The bow, Yvonne, and you,
 The violin and I.

RONALD LEWIS CARTON.

Out of Season

IT is not, perhaps, generally known that our word "season," which, as spelt with a capital S, means so much at once to those who do the round of Ascot, Henley, Cowes and so forth, and those who let lodgings at the seaside, signified in its pristine form merely the springtime of sowing. For the farmer not unduly concerned in supplying early produce to fashionable customers it still doubtless has this simple meaning. Unfortunately for our peace and health, however, the word has acquired a new and terrible influence, which, exalted to the altar of a social Baal, rules and regulates the movements, at home and abroad, of those who regard themselves as within the pale. Considered dispassionately, it is a rather foolish institution, depending for allegiance on the weakness of those human sheep who are never so happy as when following a leader, and the resulting spectacle of thousands of ostensibly intelligent folk revolving about such resorts as Baden, Homburg, and Pau, much as squirrels revolve in their turning cages, is a little discouraging to those who try their utmost to believe in the upward march of humanity.

There may, to some slight extent, be method in this planetary madness. So far as sportsmen are concerned, they must obviously go to Scotland for the grouse in August after returning from their Norwegian salmon rivers in July. Even the tourist, it may be suggested, must visit India in the cold weather and Egypt in the spring. Yet it is most particularly for the globe-trotter of broad sympathies that the fetters of the Season, which are of his own fashioning and in no

wise, as sometimes alleged, the fault of the hotel-keepers, should have least attraction.

Take, as a homely example, our seaside watering-places, most of which of late years have found what the Swiss well call the *Fremden-Industrie* so profitable that they have increasingly neglected the harvest of the sea, Hastings and Brighton having, like Nice, thus compensated themselves for the decline of their once valuable fishing industry. It is not to be denied that the holiday arrangements of our public and private schools are in great measure responsible for the inconvenient popularity of seaside resorts during the months of August and September, but many people bound by no such ties also crowd them at the same period for no better reason than that they apparently find the spectacle of the seashore improved by a superfluity of human beings. Swallows and salmon, anxious to multiply after their kind, cannot resist the call of the seasons, but there is no such excuse for civilised folk with no other object for migration than a change of air.

The Season which rules in such modish centres as Cannes and Cairo is nothing more nor less than the creed of snobs, who visit these delectable spots, not for their own sake, but for the sake of the people they may meet there. The *servum pecus* would sooner be seen in Hades than at "Monte" a day after the Season. He, on the other hand, with no ambition to see his movements chronicled in the Society columns, smiles at such expensive and comfortless servility and follows the fashionable crowd at a distance—knowing that he will find the same flowers and the same blue skies, and that he will receive twice the attention for half the money. His quiet eye can gather its harvest of impressions undisturbed by trippers, whether these do their tripping afoot or by petrol, whether they hail from Bayswater or Belgravia. In the bulk, they would be equally uncongenial to his mood, for he prefers to worship in the holy places without the company of hilarious tourists from his own or any other land. If, out of the season, the goal is more restful, the travelling is immeasurably more comfortable. Those who in March and April have been held up on the Riviera, waiting perhaps a week for accommodation on the daily *train de luxe*, the whole of which has long been booked in advance, need no reminder of the disabilities of travel in the Season, and the same drawback will occur to all who have vainly tried to get a cabin, or even a berth, on any homeward-bound steamer from the East at the same time of year, when both tourists and officials on furlough pack every liner from stem to stern and fall over one another on crowded decks during the voyage.

In short, where this deference to Season is dictated by considerations of climate or sport, it is, however regrettable on other grounds, also unavoidable. Where, however, its prompting is simply the sheepish instinct to go with the crowd, its practice and its principle are wholly undignified and unworthy of anyone who calls himself a traveller. This fashion of circulating *ad similitudinem aliorum* should be anathema to his soul.

A.

The Master Craft

MR. PHILLIPPS deserves all our gratitude for this admirable book,* which, though first published three years ago, is as new and as fresh as anything in the libraries. Nothing in the realm of art exercises a more universal appeal than architecture, and nothing has been less adequately explained. To give our own case, which is probably not unique, for many years we were in the habit of asking architects and other persons appearing to be competent in the matter what was approximately the relation between Gothic and Norman architecture, or that between the English and various Continental styles, and the answers were always evasive and unsatisfactory. Books on architecture abound, but they seem to have been written solely for the use of architects; Ruskin, whom Mr. Phillipps extols for his methods, if not for his conclusions, hardly inspires the general reader with the necessary measure of confidence; the margin of error tends to multiply itself from mind to mind, and we end by being afraid to take a step in any direction.

Mr. Phillipps has answers to all the usual problems of architecture, and, if he is often controversial, his point of view is always intelligible to the more human part of our intelligence. He speaks in one place of "the poor British public" and "its alleged—and, I dare say, rightly alleged—indifference to architecture," and he attributes the phenomenon to architectural writers. We are not at all sure about this "alleged indifference," but rather incline to believe that architecture is that one of all the arts to which it is most difficult to be wholly indifferent. To begin with, it is the most obvious, the most democratic. Ten people may have skimmed this poem, twenty people may have glanced at that picture, fifty people have kept more or less awake during the playing of a certain piece of music; but several thousands of persons must have considered, vaguely, perhaps, but scores of times, any architectural work that may be mentioned. And we further believe that the appeal is more than superficial. The building enforces itself; we are unmistakably conscious of receiving some kind of message. A friend of ours remarked once, in Florence, on being invited to visit the Bargello, "I don't like architecture." We shall probably never again in a lifetime hear anything half so monumental, because so utterly untrue; the circumstances that led up to and partly justified the remark are hardly worth recording, but may easily be inferred. Literary histories tell us that Chateaubriand or somebody discovered the Alps, that people used to dislike them or regard them with blank indifference, till they were told that they were really rather fine. We refuse to believe it; nobody was indifferent to the Alps, and almost everybody was ready to acknowledge some degree of admiration, only the formula had not been discovered. A misgiving attacks us. Was it Chateau-

briand who discovered the Alps? It has certainly been laid to his charge, but, on the other hand, and no less certainly, Mme. de Staël summarised some strictures of his on these same mountains as "jalousie de bossu." Architecture is as obvious as the Alps, and we are quite sure that everybody who is not mentally deranged has a soft place for some species or specimen of architecture. Tastes vary; some people prefer the White City to the Acropolis, just as some people prefer Miss Marie Corelli to George Meredith. But the question, "Do you like architecture?" is just about as susceptible of an unconditional negative answer as the question, "Do you like women?" from a member of the implied sex.

Mr. Phillipps tells us in his introduction that his desire has been to confine himself to the consideration of art as an expression of human life and character. The art of which he treats through about four-fifths of this book is probably the most expressive, in this sense, of all. The picture decays, the musical work is lost or becomes unintelligible, the poem even changes, with the lapse of years, into something other than it was; the building, if its materials are sound and its foundations deeply laid, and if no cataclysm has come to shatter it, is the same after two thousand years as it was on the day it was finished. It is the supreme document for the study of human history, and as such Mr. Phillipps has taken it.

We cannot deal particularly with each of the sections of the book. Every chapter has its special suggestions. In the opening one, for instance, the theme is stagnation in art and life; progress, sometimes denied or paradoxically arraigned, is here justified by its fruits. The Egyptians invented a formula, and went on indefinitely reproducing it, never troubling themselves to try and get a little nearer to the truth embodied in the law that "structural forms must be the expression of the structural purpose they fulfil." The Egyptian column, for instance, never approximated to expressing itself as the sustaining force in a building; it went on failing to express itself till the last temple had been built in Egypt. Thus, Egyptian art was nothing but the "perfection of the primitive . . ."; "its hoary infancy defies time; it is the image of routine, of the deadly monotony of an unthinking iteration." Mr. Phillipps shows us that the tyranny over Egypt of artistic formulæ is only one aspect of a much more comprehensive tyranny, which he calls "the Tyranny of the Nile." The Nile was the master of the lives and deaths of the dwellers on its banks, and the only way to approach it and to ensure its favours was to match its routine with a human routine of, after the initial experiments, "unthinking iteration." Egyptian art is thus, in a very apparent sense, the complement and explanation of Egyptian life.

"Enter the Greek" is the suggestive title of Mr. Phillipps' next chapter. The world had started thinking:

Backed by the authority of immemorial usage, the Egyptian conventions impose themselves on the budding art of Greece. But from the first their authority

* *The Works of Man.* By LISLE MARCH PHILLIPPS. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

is questioned. Unwillingly, with a profound reluctance and discontent, the Greek repeats the old impossible features and attitudes. "It is not so, it is not so," he mutters to himself, and by-and-by he essays his keener perception on some minor point, and a hand, a foot, a knee-joint, is carved with some attempt at natural representation.

Classical art is the gradual but triumphant vindication of the laws of Nature, obscured through centuries by the "many inventions" of a hide-bound civilisation. "Nature and Homer" (in fact) "were, in fact, the same."

When Mr. Phillipps comes to "What Art Meant to the Greeks," as later in "The Gothic Contribution," he is entering the lists of an ancient controversy; he takes his place there as an umpire, and a fairer and more satisfactory umpire it would be difficult to find. He is an enthusiast for both of these two very different styles, and his judgment is almost capable of satisfying both parties. Possibly the fanatics of Gothic might find some of his praise of their goddess ambiguous; he says, in effect, that Gothic architecture, as opposed to Classical, is "unintellectual." We suspect that the "children of light" would not wish to be frequently reminded that the "children of this world are in their generation wiser than" they; but the antithesis, as presented by Mr. Phillipps, is not only valid, but invaluable and inevitable. The Greeks built thus because their mental outlook compelled them to do so; the men who built the Gothic cathedrals were constrained by a similar determinism. The Greeks have no monopoly of intellectual art—they are simply its most single-minded exponents; the artists of the Renaissance had the intellectual standpoint, but their mind was preoccupied, to a large extent, by other considerations; spirit, excluded by the Greeks from the domain of art, had forced an entrance. The chapter on the Renaissance is a splendid vindication of the author's coherence. He supposes his reader "to select such representatives of their age as Plato, Livy, Leonardo da Vinci, and Fénelon," and says that "he would be conscious of no antagonism in their association. . . . But introduce a representative of mediævalism, introduce a St. Louis or Cœur de Lion, and what a jar and discord is created!" Further, he bids us "try to imagine St. Louis in a classic portico, or Plato in a Gothic minster. . . . The men and their architecture go together." We are not quite convinced by the conception of a modern St. Louis "crusading by his own fireside"; the modern St. Louis is far more likely to be found at some social work—but that is, after all, a matter of conjecture.

Mr. Phillipps is impatient of the easy and specious, but jejune and pedantic, explanations that have generally been offered to the curious in these matters. Of such explanations are those which attribute the rise of Gothic, on the one hand, to "motives of economy," and the necessity of "using small stones instead of large ones"; and, on the other, to purely constructional reasons—to the "difficulty of roofing naves and aisles." "What wonder," he asks, "if, humbly accepting the

explanations given, we incline for the future to leave architecture to the architects?" The grievance against specialists is but too well founded; the history of the most human of the arts, and, in its Gothic aspect, especially of the most democratically created of the arts, must contain some hint of material causes, "doch der Segen kommt von Oben"—in other words, it must bear witness to the workings of the human spirit.

We have already said far more than enough to recommend a book that really needs no recommendation beyond half a page of extracts; but we shall have failed in our duty if we do not give some idea of what the author definitely finds in Classical and Gothic art beyond the external evidence contained in the history of the races that respectively evolved them, to justify himself in calling the one intellectual and the other unintellectual. Here is what Mr. Phillipps says of Doric architecture:

As sure as one object on a table is more conspicuous than one among fifty, as sure as a tree upon the hill-top stands out more clearly than when nestling in the valley, as sure as horizontal lines are easier for sight to travel on than vertical ones, and left to right a more natural motion for it than right to left: in short, as surely as sight has laws of its own over which we have no control and which guide its every movement, so certain is it that Doric architecture, having alone subscribed to those laws and placed itself entirely under their jurisdiction, is alone in the pleasure it affords to the faculty of sight.

And here are some suggestive phrases on the Gothic:

It would seem that in the irrepressible energy latent in the arch principle the new races recognised a quality after their own hearts. At any rate, far from concealing or fighting shy of it, they set themselves to develop to the utmost this very characteristic. . . . They handle these powers of their own unloosing with an almost scornful familiarity, guiding and directing the tremendous pressures of the arches to the props and supports beneath, and as the vaults rise higher and their thrusts grow more dangerous and ungovernable, inventing expedients of unheard-of daring to counter and withstand them. They carry on the fight, too, in the full daylight, hand to hand with the stript stone, convinced that, for the spectator as for themselves, it must needs be the most fascinating of all spectacles. . . . Gothic, in short, one is tempted to say, is less a style than a fight.

We will chronicle what seems to us a curious omission, and so take leave of the author. In his preface he regrets the want of finality of the chapter on "Greek Refinement in Architecture"; in the chapter referred to, conflicting theories of the reasons for these refinements—i.e., the absence of mechanical regularity in the details of a Doric temple—are given, but no mention is made of the quite respectable theory that these deflections were the effect of accident and had nothing to do with subtle and elaborate calculations. We hope we shall not be accused of trying to evade by subsequent servility the consequences of our acts if we repeat once more that this is a perfectly admirable book, and one of the books we have been waiting for ever since we learned to read.

R. F. S.

Eminent Bookmen and their Opinions

V.—MR. REGINALD J. SMITH, K.C.

HOWEVER disconcerting the fact may be to the type of theorist who prates of collectivism and human "equality," the history of successful enterprises is invariably found, on inquiry, to resolve itself into a record of personal achievement, the result of individual character, ability, effort, and inspiration. The story of every important, securely established undertaking is always, first and foremost, the biography of particular persons; and the chronicles of the great publishing house of Smith, Elder and Co. are before all things a narrative of the life-work of the man whose qualities and initiative created it, endowed it with prosperity, and guided it from height to height through a period of more than half a century.

The first George Smith, in partnership with Alexander Elder, a brother Scot, opened a bookselling and stationery business in Fenchurch Street in 1816, adding a publishing branch three years later. In 1824—the year in which the second George Smith was born—the firm removed to Cornhill, and, with the introduction of a third partner, an Indian agency was added to the other branches of its business. But the publishing department continued to be carefully fostered, and in 1843 its control was placed in the hands of the younger George Smith, then a youth of nineteen. Within a year the boy publisher had "given his proofs" by securing Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy" and Horne's "New Spirit of the Age," and by introducing to the world the first volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters"—a record remarkable enough to give ample promise for his riper years. Following the death of his father in 1846, there occurred a crisis in the affairs of the firm, which eventually left young Smith in a position of sole responsibility for all its undertakings; but in the course of a few years he decided to concentrate upon the publishing, and removed to Waterloo Place, leaving the Indian agency and its banking developments to Mr. H. S. King, whom he had taken into partnership a few years after his father's death. Meanwhile, strenuously as he devoted himself to the work of straightening out the complicated affairs of his many-sided business, and handicapped as he was by the necessity of providing for his widowed mother and a family of brothers and sisters, he had contrived to extend his activities by the establishment of two successful journals, *The Overland Mail* and *The Homeward Mail*, and to cultivate personal and business relations with some of the most distinguished men and women writers of the time—among them Ruskin, George Henry Lewes, Douglas Jerrold, and the Brownings.

Many years, however, before George Smith the Second left Cornhill for Waterloo Place, he had achieved a success which alone would have sufficed to bring him lasting fame as a publisher, in his revelation

to the world of the genius of Charlotte Brontë. The discovery was due, in the first place, to the discernment of his "reader" and literary adviser, William Smith Williams, who noted such qualities in the manuscript of "The Professor" that, on his advice, the then unknown "Currer Bell" was encouraged to submit further work. The result was "Jane Eyre"; and the story of that wonderful book, of the *furor* it created, of the first visit of its author to London, and of the close friendship with her publisher and his family—that idyll of publishing—which she maintained to the end of her brief life, is too familiar a passage of literary history to need repetition here.

It was through Charlotte Brontë, keenly appreciative of the publisher who had recognised her powers and shown her so much kindness, that Mrs. Gaskell and Harriet Martineau became included in the list of George Smith's authors; through her, too—though in a more indirect way—came that close association with Thackeray which provides the house of Smith, Elder with especial distinction. In 1860, when George Smith the Second conceived the idea of founding a shilling monthly magazine, Thackeray was already in every sense one of the greatest assets of his house; and the experiment of testing his genius in a new capacity, by entrusting him with the editorship of the *Cornhill*, was immediately justified. The magazine—still pursuing a career of unbroken prosperity—was from the first an unqualified success; and from the long list of its famous contributors may be picked such names as those of George Eliot (for whose "Romola," which first appeared in its pages, Smith with characteristic liberality offered a round ten thousand pounds), George Meredith, Anthony Trollope, Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Leslie Stephen—a later editor—and Matthew Arnold. Still, not content to rest upon the eminence of his publishing house and the success of its magazine, the tireless George Smith soon found another outlet for his energy and enterprise in the foundation, in 1865, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Another complete success was his reward; and when, fifteen years later, he parted with his flourishing evening paper, he had certainly no reason to regret the capital or the labour expended in establishing it.

In all these years the house of Smith, Elder—honoured, by the way, as the publishers of Queen Victoria's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" and Sir Theodore Martin's official "Life of the Prince Consort"—had continued true to its policy of discovering and liberally encouraging new literary talent. With James Payn as its adviser, it only made one bad mistake, in the now historic rejection of "John Inglesant"; and against that solitary *faux pas* must be set the introduction to the public of such writers as Grant Allen, Henry Seton Merriman, Anstey, Stanley Weyman, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and others whose names to-day are household words.

Finally, in 1884, George Smith entered upon the crowning achievement of his crowded life—the inception of the great "Dictionary of National Biography,"

which has been well described by Lord Morley as a monument of public spirit and munificence. Under the successive editorship of Sir Leslie Stephen and Sir Sidney Lee, the scheme, as originally planned, was brought to completion by the issue of the sixty-third and concluding volume in 1900; but in one sense, of course, it is a work that can have no finality, and supplementary volumes have been, and doubtless will continue to be, issued from time to time, as new subjects take their place on the bed-roll of fame. The determination to enrich the English book-world with this work of reference has been truly called "an act of good citizenship"; and there is satisfaction in the knowledge that, venturesome as was the undertaking from the business point of view, it brought a measure of material reward which there seemed no good ground for anticipating at the outset; the re-issue, in twenty-six volumes, in particular, has had a large and remunerative circulation.

In 1901—less than a year after the concluding volume of the "Dictionary" appeared—George Smith died, full of years and honours. It was of him Millais as he lay dying wrote on his slate: "I should like to see George Smith, the kindest man and the best gentleman I have had to deal with." The great house which he created has since been safe in the controlling hands of his son-in-law, Mr. Reginald J. Smith, who had been "devil" to Sir Charles Russell at the Bar and "taken silk" before his active association with the firm began, but whose special aptitude for his later *métier* has been convincingly proved within the last few years. Now, as formerly, the name of Smith, Elder stands as a sure guarantee of books of sterling merit and recognisable literary value; and the high traditions of the house have never been more zealously maintained.

Among those traditions Mr. Reginald Smith considers none of more supreme importance than the cultivation of a spirit of friendship and confidence between authors and their publishers. Among the last letters written by Captain Scott as he lay dying in the Antarctic snows was one of farewell to his publisher and friend. The stupid old convention which persisted in assuming a necessary antagonism between the two callings he scouts as a heresy, sufficiently refuted by the record of his own and of other historic publishing houses. It is the publisher's duty, he holds, to win and keep the goodwill of authors as well as of the public, though he laughingly admits that not all men or women of letters are quite so amenable as, for example, the late Henry Seton Merriman, who—in a letter still cherished in Waterloo Place—met a criticism of the undue number of apophthegms in his "Barlasch of the Guard" with the almost too accommodating reply: "Well, perhaps we had better cut them all out." Mr. Smith insists that there is no business so individual as that of the publisher; and that this is no merely theoretical view is shown by the facts that he personally knows almost every author on the list of his house, that he reads every book which it

issues, and that he keeps in his own hands the editorship of the *Cornhill*, with most of the contributors to which, too, he is acquainted. In illustration of the care exercised in every department of the house it may be mentioned that of the MSS. which are sent in to appear, it is hoped, in book form, less than 2 per cent. are accepted; while of the MSS. submitted for the *Cornhill Magazine* less than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—less than one in two hundred offered—are accepted.

With regard to the quality and trend of present-day fiction, Mr. Smith protests himself "no pessimist," and he cultivates an equally cheerful outlook with regard to the future of publishing in general, though he recognises that the conditions of book-buying have been considerably affected by sundry social and other developments of recent years. One of the chief troubles of the time, he acknowledges, is the difficulty experienced by unknown authors of talent in obtaining a hearing, since there is nowadays hardly any material reward for anyone concerned in the production of a book by a writer who lacks the magic of a "name." But he frankly disapproves of the system of publishing books at the author's expense—a practice which, he recalls with satisfaction, has been discouraged by the house of Smith, Elder at all periods of its history, many as have been the new authors for whom it has opened the door to fame.

ALFRED BERLYN.

The Art of Austin O. Spare

BY HALDANE MACFALL.

THERE are artists to-day, as there have ever been, who, being masters of an intensely personal realm of feeling, and by consequence uttering an intensely personal vision, create their art aloof from the vogues and fashions of their age. Of these is Austin Spare.

We can scarcely speak any longer of Spare as one of the younger men, when we see youth with down on lip aggressively dictate to us from the housetop or from the hoardings that art is in the melting-pot and only callow stuff hath life. That may be as it may be. And, to boot, Spare has now given us three volumes of collected designs, whilst his displays are become a regular feature of our London shows. That this is so in the case of a man who has steadily followed the dictates of his own art, untroubled by the passing vogues and clamour of the market-place, and regardless of the picture factories, whether in Soho or elsewhere, proves that his personal art has, at any rate, won consideration from the discriminating. It is time, then, that we looked upon his work and tried to judge his achievement.

As one turns over the pages of the three large folio volumes of his published designs one cannot but be struck by the fact that processes lose much of the subtlety of his hand's skill; yet even so, we are in the presence of the sincere art of a poet of fearless inward

vision, restless with self-questionings as to the destiny and meaning of life, puzzled by the baffling face of the Sphinx who never speaks, inquisitive about the mystery of things. Spare is not the man content with mastering a trick of thumb. He has mastered the tools of his craft—above all, the craftsmanship of perhaps the most difficult medium in the painter's gamut, the pen line; but not in order to play five-fingered exercises upon it, or to hammer fireworks out of it; he has conquered it that he may utter himself through it.

Much of the art of Spare is of the quality that brings forth the criticism: "I don't like it." He is too thorough an artist, and realises the function of art too well to consider the futility of the criticism; he knows, as every virile artist knows, that it is not the function of art to please or to displease, but solely to arouse in our senses what the artist essays to arouse in them. And, even whilst the carping judgment that the beholder does not like it is given forth, it carries in its very plaint the far higher tribute that Spare's art has discovered a victim. Having done that, so far as it concerns the artist, his work is done—he has achieved art.

Whether it be that Spare has not been so fortunate in the printer's reproductive processes as, for instance, was Beardsley, the fact remains that the gulf between the original and the reproduction in his case is, as a rule, far wider than in the case of Beardsley. In the first volume by Spare that came into my hands seven or eight years ago, "A Book of Satyrs," the debt to G. J. Sullivan in handling of the pen line was confessed; but even in this early work a marked personal craftsmanship already emerged from the school of art academism of the day, and it was no difficult problem to prophesy that an artist had arisen amongst us. The vision was quite a thing apart; and the hand that strove to utter it in terms of form was already answering the will of the designer. One looked forward to the work of a new poet in line, for here was a man of wide-ranging imagination. The danger from the beginning lay in that danger which is also the cause of the chaos in modern painting, that the art of the eye might be compelled to try and utter a sense outside the realm of the sight—and Spare has not been guiltless of trying to make the art of the vision utter what only literature or the art of another function can express. But, granted this fault of misdirection of a faculty, it is marvellous to see what profound feeling he has stirred within us by and through the legitimate field of the appeal to the eye alone.

The "Book of Satyrs," a remarkable work for any man, was fairly free from "literitis"; and not only was the music achieved by Spare's line as deep and significant as the imagination that stirred its utterance, but the very handling of the line, the use of mass, and the sense of composition were out of the ordinary. The preface also awoke one to the fact that a book of drawings from his hand had already appeared; and from this "Earth" Book one learnt that the artist was but seventeen when he wrought the designs—therefore but nineteen when he drew for us this very "Book of

Satyrs"! Such an artistic achievement, not only in craftsmanship but in profundity of conception, must have been impossible to a lad brought up in a conventional schooling; and one must conclude that Spare knew a hard life, and, like Sime, was thinking and essaying to utter his emotional life at an age when many lads are going to the public schools.

Spare is obviously deeply interested in mysticism; and since intellectually he is so concerned, it follows that his emotional sense of life will be deeply affected by mysticism. Therein lies the chief threat to, as in it also lies the chief fascination and urge of, his art. As far as the mysteries of life are revealed to the eye, so far is he within his lawful realm of art in uttering the mystic wonders; but art reveals—it is the whole function of art to reveal—therefore, to utter the sense of the mysteries into the senses of his fellows requires such gifts of splendid simplicity as few men have known. The moment that the artist bemuddles his designs with the intention that it requires another sense, such as hearing, to fulfil, his painter's art is debauched; and the employment of symbols that require literary explanation, and are not self-contained in the sense of sight, must inevitably baffle and bewilder the beholder and so fail in the art that it would create. In Spare's last volume, "The Book of Pleasure," the art suffers serious defect from its trespass into literature; yet even here, whilst the literary matter is but a boredom and a waste, the designs which have been made independently of the text show such beauty of technique, and hold in themselves so mysterious a power, are impregnated with so deep a sense of the impressions aroused in the contemplation of the problems of life, that one only realises with an effort that the man who wrought them, though an established master of art amongst us, is but twenty-seven.

The suppleness of line, the beauty of pattern—for instance, in "The Ascension of the Ego from Ecstasy to Ecstasy"—the exquisiteness of the modelling; above all, the realisation of the haunting idea, are now so personal, so original, so free from all outside influence or schooling, that one wonders to what heights of achievement this man will reach, and whether his art will come to the recognition it deserves in his lifetime. For, perhaps, the highest tribute we can pay to him as artist is the obvious fact that he fails to utter through the use of words, whilst he makes his drawings the habitation of emotional impressions so haunting that it surprises one to feel that the pen line can be employed with such skill of wizardry as to arouse so subtle and complex impressions in our senses.

Messrs. John Long have down for publication a new novel, the scene of which is Salem, Massachusetts Bay, the city that was almost destroyed by fire recently. The witch-persecution of New England, one of the most dramatic chapters of American history, is the theme. It is entitled "Maids of Salem," and is by K. L. Montgomery, author of "The Gate-Openers."

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

XV.—MR. A. E. W. MASON.

SIR,—A night some six or seven years ago, when I first had the pleasure of meeting you, stands out in my memory. It was at a dinner of artists and authors. Your high spirits were positively infectious. Evidently you were getting all the fun possible out of life and a well-merited success. In a literary sense you were born with the silver spoon. I take it none of the depressing years of probation which break the spirit of impatient youth had been your lot; you were never called upon to eat your heart out in the anguish of waiting for recognition; the postman's knock had few terrors for you. You won popularity with your first considerable production, and deservedly. You have never improved upon "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler." It has always impressed me as one of the very best of its type. True, the type has become a bit worn by exploitation. The sword-and-cloak school is played out, for the present at least. Excessive output has been its undoing. This, however, is not your fault. Indeed, you may justly regard it as a grievance, for men like yourself and Mr. Stanley Weyman, that the domain you made your own should have been invaded and vulgarised by hordes of weaklings. You were certainly one of the pioneers in that revival of what one may call historical romance. When the thing was fresh it had its charm.

You were, I believe, originally secretary to an ecclesiastical society, and then you were on the stage. Or should the order be reversed? However, it is immaterial. What I wish to bring out is that a student of psychology would find the influence of both occupations impressed upon your books. You have cultivated a nice sense of the dramatic: you understand a good curtain. I do not think anyone could make more of your plots than you have made. And yet withal there is a sort of self-conscious restraint: an apparent dread of the bizarre and the sensational. Perhaps these qualities were developed by contact with decorous clerics and high dignitaries during that secretarial period? On the other hand, they might have been more pronounced, indeed, have been a genuine handicap to your creative talents, but for that other experience of life behind the footlights and all it implies. I cannot say to which influence your temperament was naturally more ready to respond. My own impression, however, derived entirely from your writings, is that it was to the ascetic.

Now as to the successors of "Morrice Buckler." You have had some moderate triumphs, and two great ones. Of the former, I like "Lawrence Clavering" the best and "The Philanderers" the least. The latter are, of course, "The Four Feathers" and "The Broken Road." Frankly, I thought "The Four Feathers" over-rated.

It was machine-made and a barefaced instance

of misappropriation. Some time before it was published I had the misfortune to read Professor Neufeldt's account of his imprisonment by the Kalifah at Omdurman—misfortune, because the fact spoilt any enjoyment of a good yarn. It was annoying to come upon slab after slab of incident borrowed with a modicum of adaptation. If there had been any kind of acknowledgment one would have felt more tolerant, but I at least have never seen any admission of your indebtedness to the man who suffered years of misery and provided you with ready-made material. I hope I do you no injustice—perhaps you have made due acknowledgment in later editions.

"The Broken Road" stands on a higher level than "The Four Feathers." It is one of the most satisfactory of the many treatments of the colour problem as applied to sex antipathies. You make it rather a problem of environment than of natural aversion. And you are entitled to do so, even in the light of my limited experience. I have known Englishwomen married to Orientals and happy enough with their husbands and children both in India and in this country. On the other hand, for every woman who can be content with such an union there are thousands to whom the thought of an Oriental in the more familiar relations of the sexes would be abhorrent. The dislike is physical as much as anything else, and I am not at all prepared to agree that a Hindu is at a better advantage in a white community than amongst his own people and with all the glow and colour, the pomp and raiment of the East. Nevertheless, "The Broken Road" has more than the value of a good piece of fiction.

Of your stage work I have seen the principal adaptations you have made from your novels, and am prepared to say that they could not have been done much better. Nevertheless, they have all the defects of a dramatised story, especially so as your first-hand knowledge of stagecraft has made you too subservient to the time-honoured conventions. One might have expected from you a little revolt against the shackles, an attempt to widen the limitations of the ordinary playwright. But you have traversed the old grooves and taught us nothing. I doubt if any of your work for the theatre will be thought worth a revival. Finally, there is your experience of political life. Rumour had it that you were not happy as a Member of Parliament, and why should you be? To a man of imagination the deadly routine and monotony of attendance at the House must have spelt stagnation. It is not soothing to a celebrity to feel that he is but a cog in a machine, and that any other cog in his place would work as well. Then, too, your gift of comprehension, to say nothing of your sense of humour, would see too much of the hollowness, artificiality, and hypocrisy of the party system to permit the retention of your self-respect. One requires a particular type of brain to suffer gladly the lot of a private member. You did well to leave politics behind.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

REVIEWS

A Defence of Baroque

The Architecture of Humanism. A Study in the History of Taste. By GEOFFREY SCOTT. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE book before us reminds us strongly of the train-journey along the Italian Riviera; passages of almost impenetrable darkness are succeeded, at quasi-regular intervals, by vistas of blinding light. After a while, we formed the habit of not bothering about the tunnels and just waiting for the periods of illumination. We now know Mr. Scott's thesis; but, if we had been seriously afraid of the dark, we are forced to believe that we should have abandoned him at the earliest possible station, and so have missed a good deal that we have emphatically enjoyed.

Mr. Scott acts at times as if he had been "stung by the gad-fly of some swift-working conception," and at others as if the even more disturbing gad-fly of "*la bêtise humaine*" had temporarily rendered life intolerable for him. That is what makes him tend to be difficult. Human stupidity has performed some of its strangest antics in connection with architecture; it has been perpetually baffled in its attempts at reducing this most elemental but elusive of the arts to ordinary literary formulæ. The human mind must have formulæ or hypotheses to account for the things that interest it, and, if it cannot find one to fit exactly the case before it, it accepts one that fits approximately. Mr. Scott's book consists of an examination of a few of the formulæ that have been made to cover the case of architecture. Five of his chapters are called, respectively, "The Romantic Fallacy," "The Mechanical Fallacy," "The Ethical Fallacy," "The Biological Fallacy," and "The Academic Tradition."

We are not quite sure about all of these "fallacies"; most of them strike us as nothing more than moods or points of view. Mr. Scott would be the first to admit—does, in fact, admit—that it is impossible to keep wholly clear of ethical considerations in criticising works of art; ethical considerations may be given too much prominence, but they have their place. He quotes "Ethical criticism is irrelevant to art," and remarks, "No proposition could well be less obvious. None, we shall see reason to admit, could be less true." We did not, indeed, subsequently find the reason stated with precision, but it is clear that, in this book, ethics are not excluded from the field of æsthetic criticism.

Again, the point of view that engendered the "Romantic Fallacy" receives eloquent justification.

In so far as the Romantic Movement has stimulated our sensibility to the literary values [of a work of art], that is a clear gain. It would be absurd to demand (as in some of the arts enthusiasts are constantly demanding) that we should *limit* our enjoyment of an art to that delight which it is the peculiar and special

function of the art to provide. To sever our experience into such completely isolated departments is to impoverish it at every point. In the last resort, as in the first, we appreciate a work of art not by the single instrument of a specialised taste, but with our whole personality.

The "Mechanical Fallacy" is made clear in the phrase, "construction truthfully expressed"; this fallacy, if such it be, is the most specious and the most fashionable of all. Of the biological fallacy we will hasten to make a present to Mr. Scott; we know that architecture has nothing whatever to do with biology, and that biology has wrought considerable havoc by its intrusion into other alien spheres.

We have proceeded so far with the greatest irregularity, for we have given the author's reservations, without indicating from what doctrine they are abstracted. The distinctive thesis of this book is that Baroque is a "profoundly great style." To the average Englishman, unless he has been brought up to some extent on City churches, no proposition could be more paradoxical; we need not recapitulate his reasons for finding it so, as they are all contained in this book. We suspect that Mr. Scott has spent a good deal of time in Italy in the company of average Englishmen, and a good deal of his time in the country of the books—this is more than a suspicion—in the company of that arch-average Englishman, John Ruskin. Nothing could exceed the *parti pris* of the average Englishman abroad; and on no subject is he more blindly prejudiced than on architecture. A good many Englishmen refuse to go inside a Renaissance church, and the rest enter it mainly to find fault. The epithet, "Jesuit," is as deadly a reproach in the architectural as in any other sense; the word "tawdry" generally finishes the debate before it has begun. Baroque is regarded as the decadence of Renaissance, itself a kind of Scarlet Woman of the arts. Classic, learned about at school, and Gothic, impressed by country walks, are the Englishman's two contradictory standards; a third would increase the confusion.

The author proves to us that Baroque is not the decadence of the Renaissance style, that it marks, in fact, a recovery from a stagnant period, the history of architecture running by no means parallel with that of painting, and that it represented a high artistic ideal. It is not insincere, save in the sense in which all art is insincere, and it is not anarchical, because it learnt from freedom the lesson of restraint. "In these obdurate forms, variety must prove tedious and licence lose its fascination," Mr. Scott remarks of the failures of French Revolutionary architecture; but the builders of the Baroque did not rest their appeal on variety or licence. "Every art, and architecture more than any, requires a principle of permanence. It needs a theme to vary, a resisting substance to work upon, a form to alter or preserve, a base upon which, when inspiration flags, it may retire. . . . When architecture, in the Renaissance, based itself on an experimental science of taste, and refused all extraneous sanctions, it felt for

the first time the embarrassment of liberty." The "resisting substance," the "theme to vary," was found in the canons of Vitruvius. On this solid ground the men of the Baroque could follow their bent, and, following the tradition of the Renaissance, create "an architecture of taste, seeking no logic, consistency, or justification beyond that of giving pleasure."

We are grateful for this book, because it pays off a grudge of our own: our instinct to admire and revel in the architecture of the Renaissance had been so often chastened with rebukes that we had begun to fear that it was a sin. Mr. Scott demolishes the dogmatists, erects no fresh dogma, and, if he is sometimes obscure, is so through the overcrowding of his ideas. Nor must we forget his forbearance, while he was contrasting the beautiful gim-cracks of the Renaissance with a "structurally perfect and sincere" railway station, in omitting all reference to the fate of one particular monument of sturdy, unpretentious utility that crowned but a few years since the Charing Cross arches.

A Stirring Youth

Memories of My Youth: 1844-1865. By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, Litt.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a deal of varied interest in Dr. Putnam's "Memories." The most exciting moments naturally circle round the War of Secession, but the writer had many other experiences well worth the recounting. Born during a prolonged visit of his father to London, when the English branch of the famous publishing firm was established, he stayed there till he was sufficiently old to have a strong impression of the City, and is able to compare the Londons of various epochs. Nor was he too late in reaching New York to be able to garner similar impressions and to generate similar comparisons. Paris, also, he came to know in his early years, and Berlin. During his stay in Paris he even supplied material to a journalist friend of the Pinkerton type for the use of a New York newspaper: the friend was unfortunately ignorant of French and the French, but was a part-owner of the paper in question.

Dr. Putnam's most interesting experiences before the war were obtained in Germany, where he travelled a good deal, largely on foot, took part in the inner life of the students of Göttingen, and reckoned among his

acquaintance such men as Ewald. Conditions at Göttingen seem not to have moved much since Heine's time, but the American student appears to have been happier there than the German poet. So do other American and English students, except when they were fighting about the rights and wrongs of the Civil War. Dr. Putnam is very severe on the *Times*, which supplied Europe with all its ideas about the crisis, and was remarkably prejudiced in its judgments. An entertaining illustration of the vagueness about American conditions that prevailed even in cultured European circles is to be found in the report of a conversation with a Göttingen professor who "placed his finger triumphantly on the Isthmus of Panama. 'There,' he said, 'are your American forces. It is there, as I understand the matter, that the North Americans and the South Americans are fighting out this contest. Now, how could one of the armies march two hundred and forty miles east to west?'"

Dr. Putnam asked leave of his father more than once to return and fight, but was not allowed to do so, on the score of youth, till the war was a year old; when he did return, he had three crowded years of glorious life. The narrative gains rather than loses from the modesty of the narrator; a seasoning of gasconade will sometimes help out a story when the incidents were few, but in this case the incidents were numerous, and included sea and land, pitched battles, confinement, and attempts at escape. Dr. Putnam served, too, in a variety of capacities, as quartermaster, adjutant, and unofficial chaplain. He was also responsible on one occasion, through mishearing an order, for turning the enemy's retreat into a rout. He refused a lieutenantancy at the beginning, not knowing that the qualifications for commissioned rank were learned by most of its holders through brute experience. The conditions were almost those of the wars of the French Revolution.

The various hardships of the war are graphically described. The ship that took Dr. Putnam's contingent to New Orleans was an earnest of future trials; then followed the swamps of Louisiana, with scorpions and moccasin snakes; then the sight of the "butter-nuts" (the Confederate soldiers) and plenty of concrete fighting; finally a pestilential prison and starvation diet, lasting to the end of the war. The only indignation the author allows himself against the enemy of that day is expended against those who were responsible for the state of the "Libby" and other prisons.

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The most formidable troubles were of the Federals' own household. A drunken major, who was Dr. Putnam's superior during his quartermaster period, caused him considerable trouble by his inability to sign documents at the necessary moment; the junior had to resort to forgery, which the senior pronounced later, happily, to be "a capital idea." Then he had the charge of a contingent of riotous "Bowery boys" newly sent up to the front; Dr. Putnam tells us more than once that he was of small stature, and comments sadly on this bear-leading episode: "My villains had a bad habit of not behaving according to the precedent of the romances. My 'left' was not a very stalwart one, and the rascals whom I was trying to subdue were not only, as a rule, much stronger in physique, but had a knowledge in the use of their fists which I had never secured." However, this business was triumphantly accomplished, and, after a little weeding, a very efficient detachment was evolved.

Humour abounds, and there is a delightful picture of the adjutant's mule, which started the day with the adjutant, the regimental archives, and some of the quarters' baggage on his back; with the fatigues of the day, frying-pans, muskets, and a variety of objects would be added. "Then the drummer-boy would report that he was played out, and the drum would be hoisted up. When the drum was followed a little later by the boy himself, the adjutant would get down."

The comments on the political situation are very informing, and the reasons for some of the Confederate movements, made with a view to a striking success and European intervention, are made abundantly clear. Napoleon III wanted to have a free hand in Mexico, and Palmerston was ready, but for Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, for some kind of intervention.

Theology

Christianity and Ethics. By ARCHIBALD B. D. ALEXANDER, M.A., D.D. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Catholic Democracy: Individualism and Socialism. By HENRY C. DAY, S.J. With a Preface by the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s. net.)

The Men of the Pauline Circle. By HERBERT S. SEEKINGS. (C. H. Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)

Authority. By the Rev. GEORGE FREEMAN. New Edition. (H. R. Allenson. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Saviour of the World. By CHARLOTTE M. MASON. (Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

DR. ALEXANDER'S able work supplies a real want. It is a comparatively short and convenient study of Christian moral philosophy. Having reviewed the nature and scope of ethics, the author passes on to the more personal problems of conscience and will. In the examina-

tion of character, the naturalistic and idealistic tendencies are both carefully considered in many aspects. Several chapters are given to the Christian ideals of standard, motive and conduct, with a section in conclusion on social institutions. The works of well-known philosophers are referred to and criticised throughout. We strongly commend this book to students, particularly those in theological colleges, where, strange as it may seem, too little consideration is given to moral philosophy.

"Catholic Democracy" is a valuable and opportune work. Its object is to show how fundamentally different is Catholic Sociology from modern Socialism or from merely superficial Christian Socialism. The spirit of true democracy is in the Church, but, at the same time, the Church is not on the side of socialistic unbelief, anarchy or revolution. These essays are really excellent.

It was a novel idea to group together those twenty-four men alluded to by St. Paul in his famous letters, and Mr. H. S. Seekings has given us most interesting studies of the personality of each. They are short, very well written and free from unnecessary speculation, being based simply on the references which St. Paul makes to his friends or companions.

"Authority" is a set of very thoughtful essays on the position of the Anglican Church in relation to other Christian bodies.

"The Training of the Disciples" is the sixth volume of "The Saviour of the World," Miss Mason's epic rendering of the story of the Life of Christ, which, so far as it had then been written, we reviewed in THE ACADEMY of May 18, 1912. Of the writer's own work we may say that it is zealously done in the spirit of the true disciple.

Little-known Madagascar

Through Western Madagascar. By WALTER D. MARCUSE. (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. MARCUSE went to Madagascar to study questions affecting the methods of cultivating and marketing the butter bean. His book, however, contains much more about the natives and the flora and fauna of the island than about the edible which was—or should have been—his immediate concern. As a matter of fact, we have seldom read a more interesting account, unpretentiously set forth, of a comparatively little-known country and people. Since the French induced the late Lord Salisbury to acknowledge their rights, or what they claimed as their rights, in the island, we have allowed Madagascar to pass rather out of sight, and many who could have told the name of the capital have forgotten that there is such a place as Antananarivo.

Mr. Marcuse travelled mainly in the west and southwest of the island, but incidentally he throws light on

the manner in which the French have discharged their trust. On the whole, no doubt they have conferred benefits on the tribes. For instance, in Madagascar, as in Papua, with whose natives there is often a striking affinity in the Sakalava, the sorcerer, a scourge to any unhappy folk who come under his malign influence, has, since the French occupation, been driven more and more into remote villages. On the other hand, the same thing is happening here as happens elsewhere when the native race is brought into contact with the white invader. The Sakalava are dying out or being exterminated. In spite of the vast territory at their disposal, according to Mr. Marcuse, they do not number more than 200,000. He believes that the French, finding them a proud and troublesome race to deal with, are deliberately exterminating them. Their chief offence is that they will not work for the European if they can avoid it. "Quite recently the Government has put an embargo on the immigration of the Antaimoros (who are very willing workers) into the Sakalava country, and the Sakalava, fearing that this regulation will ultimately result in their offspring becoming 'slaves' of the white man, are killing all their new-born children. Deplorable as this state of affairs may seem, it is nevertheless true."

There is, of course, a certain amount of intermarriage between the natives and the white settler, and equally, as usual, the observer reports in favour of either pure native or pure European. Half-castes seem to acquire all the vices and to discard all the virtues of the white side of their parentage. Mr. Marcuse came across some quaint specimens of the white man who has taken on the native life. Most of them, as he says, have not gone out to Madagascar for the sake of their health. He found some amusing Scotsmen among these so-called colonial characters. A friend of his—himself a Scot—explained that the man "frae north o' the Tweed, like a goat, will thrive where no other beast can exist." We rather like the Scot who married a Sakalava woman, and pretended to have forgotten his own tongue until his native beverage had time to take effect, when the Sakalava speech readily gave place to "home-spun." A desire for French wines is apparently developing among the natives; this has led to the greater cultivation of the butter bean, which, having a ready market, provides the means of gratifying the new taste. Possibly, *per contra*, this may also account for the growing partiality for butter beans in France! Mr. Marcuse has an interesting chapter on wild rubber collection, which recently promised to become an industry of real importance. It was the custom of the natives to burn down parts of the forest in order to provide new grazing land for their cattle. This was stopped by the French for the sake of the rubber. The fall in price has made the restriction no longer necessary. So do economic forces act and interact! Mr. Marcuse had one or two exciting adventures, particularly on the Mangoky River. Hence his book is not lacking in variety. It is practical, informing, and suggestive.

Shorter Reviews

From an Islington Window. By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.
(Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

THE chronicles of a suburb are not calculated to be very exciting, and Islington appears to have been something between the town proper and the green fields at the early Victorian time in which Miss Betham-Edwards locates her reminiscent romance. But a good deal can be seen from a street window, and it is evident that there were sharp eyes, which nothing escaped, always on the watch at this Islington window. The notes, such as there are, of the lives and loves, the joys and sorrows, of this quiet corner, though they amount to no more than "small beer," have their interest, and the authoress has touched on them skilfully. The man on the doorstep opposite, and his unusual victualling, were a constant excitement until the final explosion occurred. Mr. Bolingbroke, with his airs and ambitions, is very suggestive of Mr. Micawber; indeed, there is something in the characters throughout and the descriptions which continually recalls the manner of Dickens. The drunken bridegroom, Miss Prime and her archery party and the ring, the practical joke of the forged invitation, and the City man, are all amusing in a small way. The volume is a collection of incidents, rather than a connected story in successive chapters. As Miss Edwards remarks, it must naturally end in a wedding, in this case of the general servant and the local chimney-sweep. The aposiopesis of the latter's speech, as effected by the clergyman, was a master-stroke of readiness. But is the story credible—though its truth is asserted—that a boy was once flogged "by the brutal headmaster of one of our great schools" till he died of his injuries? We had never heard of it before.

Wild Life. (Bank Buildings, Kingsway, W.C.
2s. 6d.)

THE article describing the nidification of Mr. Stickleback in the July issue of *Wild Life* is even more interesting than the one on Mr. Toad as foster-father in a previous issue. Those who angle for tarpon may look with contempt on the humble stickleback, simply because he is small and more familiar, and as has been said before, "familiarity engendereth contempt." But there is nothing contemptible about Mr. Stickleback; he is a gentleman in many more ways than one. He is pugnacious, it is true, but generally only when he is defending himself or his own from capture, or assault on the abode of love wherein are temporarily dwelling the lady who has won his heart and their little pledges of love. There are fishes who are most neglectful of their offspring; they cast them adrift, let them become food for whales, to be eventually reincarnated as ladies' corsets. Not so this *preux chevalier*; matrimony and race preservation are far more important to him than they have unfortunately proved

to many humans. When he enters upon that glorious campaign for which Nature has endowed every entity of creation, he boldly assumes most of the colours of the rainbow; and then, without a thought for his Joseph's coat, he starts house-building. Stems, leaves, and anything vegetable growing in the water he lays under contribution; and when the wigwam, as it might be called, is completed, he aerates it and invites his heart's desire to step inside. The lady does so, and then this tiny denizen of our ponds and streams, with spines erect, mounts guard, for all the world like one of our colossal Lifeguards at Whitehall. The article is illustrated with many excellent snapshots.

Litanies of Life. By KATHLEEN WATSON. (Wm. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

Later Litanies. By KATHLEEN WATSON. (Wm. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

THESE sketches are rather aptly described in the publisher's accompanying paragraph, as "gentle, bitter-sweet retrospects." In a way, they are highly sentimental. Some are almost morbid. They are as if one revealed the personal and esoteric memories attached to a withered little bunch of violets, which had lain some quarter of a century pressed between the leaves of a book of sonnets. And yet they are written with a certain charm of pathos, which, no doubt, will appeal to many. Their claim to merit probably lies in the fact that the sad little ironies of life are pictured without a trace of cynicism. Quite the best is the tragedy entitled "Off Arran's Isle" in the earlier volume, a poem of love—the old story, the romance of a few weeks, a few leaves from a girl's diary, told in simple and natural thought, yet with much beauty of description. To this, and to one or two others, might be applied Shelley's famous sentence:

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

While the rest of the stanza certainly belongs to all these sad "Litanies":

We look before and after
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.

Golf for Women. By GEORGE DUNCAN. (T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.)

SO many books have been written during the past three or four years on the art of golf by our champions that it is quite a relief to find that the latest publication takes quite a new line and treats of the "Royal and Antient Game" from the women's standpoint.

It is only within very recent years that golf has become so popular among women; for every one woman

who played ten years ago there are at least twenty playing now, and the majority because they honestly enjoy the game and find the exercise beneficial; some few, no doubt, as a duty, for it is considered fashionable. Taking into consideration this great increase, it is rather surprising to find how few there are who attain a real degree of excellence; by far the majority seem content to play quite a third or fourth-rate game. The average woman must always be at a disadvantage when compared with the average man, as George Duncan points out, by reason of her slighter physique; but he thinks that the margin of difference is wider than it should be, largely owing to the fact that she has not yet mastered the art of holding her clubs properly; when women have conquered this weakness, men of the same handicap will not be able to concede the strokes they do now.

With the aim in view of strengthening this part of ladies' play, Duncan enters thoroughly into the question of grips and stances and many other extremely useful principles which experience has shown him to be beneficial. In working out these principles and in his illustrations he has kept strictly in view their adaptation to the lady player.

The keynote of the book seems to be an echo of the opinion of most professional golfers that the average lady has more faults to overcome than the average man; she attempts too much, and is specially addicted to overswinging. The last chapter is devoted to the opinions of his fellow master-golfers on the "Causes of Failure" and their remedies; and surely the close instructions of such a player as George Duncan, backed up by the useful hints of J. H. Taylor, Harry Vardon, E. Ray, James Braid, and many other experienced teachers, should do much to improve the standard of the game among lady players.

Careers for Our Sons. Edited by the Rev. GEO. H. WILLIAMS, M.A. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

A WORK of reference such as this depends largely for its value upon its accuracy, and the present issue, which makes the fourth edition, is brought up to date, revised throughout, and enlarged. As a practical handbook to the professions and to commercial life generally, the volume is full of excellent and trustworthy information. The cost of entering upon each profession is given, and full details as to the subjects required in examinations. Engineering, with its various branches—the new development of flying is considered—has a remarkably interesting section, and the pages devoted to journalism and advertising are capably written. We can heartily recommend the book to all who are in a difficulty as to the choice of a career for their boys, for the editor has proved himself thoroughly fitted for his task, and has had the assistance of specialists in many of the articles on such themes as the Army, the Navy, and the Civil Service.

Fiction

The Residency. By HENRY BRUCE. (John Long 6s.)

IN spite of a decided accuracy in the matter of local colour, this book has a rather unhealthy flavour; it is the story of Laura Lowell, whose father was English, and whose mother was Eurasian. Laura herself was so white and fair that, never having known her mother, and not having had the history of her birth explained, she believed herself to be pure white. Fate took her out to the residency at Kanhalla, where she had charge of her uncle's house. Once in the East, she found herself eastern by instinct, and when the Rajah Amar Rao came along she promptly fell in love with him. Intrigue with the uncle followed, since he was against the match, and various unnecessary elements, including a letter from the German Emperor respecting the purchase of a port belonging to the Rajah's brother, are introduced. In the end Laura and the Rajah get their way, but the uncle saves his honour at the expense of his reason, and we are left with Laura looking forward to a return to her mother's people, with Amar Rao.

The manner of the story counts against it. The author writes clumsily, slangily, and perverts good English in the mouths of his characters. "The luscious Indian figure" is insisted on in the case of the feminine characters, and there is no clear delineation—the people are ineffective and unreal. Laura herself is a shadow, and we are not clear even at the end of the story whether she was meant to be bad or good, clever or a fool. The same applies to the rest of the figures in the story, which fails to grip from beginning to end, and sometimes repels by the manner of its writing. The author knows his India, and that is to the good.

The Whistling Man. By MAXMILIAN FOSTER. (Appleton and Co. 6s.)

BEGINNING at Etaples, with the death of old Craig, this story moves over to New York with Leonard Craig, who was determined to find out why his father had been frightened to death by the whistling man, who, by the way, was two or three men; and, once arrived in America, the story fairly "hustles." It concerns the misdoings of certain Wall Street speculators, and tells how young Craig, through the sins which his father and other men had committed, was almost made a scapegoat; but, as we knew from the first mention of Mary Adair, daughter of the only comparatively honest man in the whole bunch, Leonard wins out to happiness at the end—with Mary, of course. The illustrations do not present Mary in as kindly a light as the text: according to the author, Leonard was a lucky man; according to the artist, his taste was not of the most fastidious order.

Allowing for extreme improbability, even though the principal scenes are laid in the land where anything

may happen, the book is decidedly interesting; the reader is taken on from scene to scene with marvellous rapidity, and the whole of the action in New York, which occupies all space but the first three or four chapters, takes place in the course of two or three days. The chief drawback is the series of nasty little digs the author makes at Englishmen and English ways; his impressions of the cousins east of the Atlantic have evidently been received from very bad specimens of the race. Considering the way in which the Western man mauls our language, the references in the book to English pronunciation and accent are extremely vindictive, to say the least of it. Still, it is a good story, not too deeply etched—an enjoyable piece of light reading matter.

Shorter Notices

FOLLOWING on the lines of Paltock's "Peter Wilkins" and Restif de la Bretonne's "Austral Discovery," Inez Haynes Gillmore has conceived another romance dealing with human flight, "Angel Island" (G. Bell and Sons, 6s.), which, apart from its improbabilities, might have been a charming idyllic story were it not for the style in which it is written. The volume is an importation from the United States, and abounds in atrocious Yankeeisms which no educated American would make use of, and which jar on the English reader. Five men are shipwrecked on a deserted tropical island; to them come five flying women, whom they capture and whose wings they clip. Marriages follow, and in a very short time the ladies have mastered the Americanese of their husbands and can say quite glibly, "betchu," "gee," and similar choice expressions. But they object to their wings being periodically clipped, and strike for the right to fly, which eventually has to be conceded to them.

A delightful little work is André Lafon's "Jean Gilles" (G. Bell and Sons, 3s. 6d. net), which has been awarded the Grand Prize for Literature by the French Academy. It is the vivid autobiography of a French schoolboy, and to some extent the story of the author's own life; he is still quite a young man and an usher in a school, and is therefore able to tell his story from actual experience with a freshness acquired from his immediate surroundings. The child lives in his pages, and his early career is described by a master-hand. Lady Theodora Davidson's translation reads smoothly, and is all that could be desired.

"Stories of the Operas and the Singers," by Leonard Lees (John Long, 6d. net), contains the plots of the operas being performed this season at Covent Garden, with some biographical notes on the artists appearing in them, and numerous portraits. "Russian Opera and Ballet" (Hachette and Co., 2s. 6d. net) is a gorgeously illustrated souvenir programme of the performances at Drury Lane. It is handsomely produced and well worth preserving.

Notes on Mediæval Universities—I

By PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG

IT would seem that at certain epochs a conviction sets in that centres of learning must be formed if a nation is to advance in progress. Such epochs were the twelfth century and the Renaissance; and at the present date every large town is desirous of claiming a University to itself, and is looking for a pious founder to start it. In the Middle Ages—which we hastily call the “Dark Ages”—the Universities, more than any other bodies, kept the torch of learning alight, and these “dark” ages had no scruples as to the number of new centres which might be called into being to satisfy the very large number of students who wished to study in their retirement. In France, Universities were founded at Toulouse, at Cahors, at Poitiers, at Caen, at Bordeaux, and at Montpellier. By the end of the fifteenth century there were nearly eighty of these institutions leading the intellectual movement of Europe. The age of the Renaissance saw the birth of more than thirty more, among which are those of Aberdeen and Edinburgh.

The one name which members of modern Universities ought to revere as their spiritual father is the mighty name of Abelard, the great scholastic philosopher of the twelfth century. Before the foundation of any University, he lectured at Paris to some of the most celebrated men of his age, among whom were the future Pope Celestine II, Peter the Lombard, and Arnold of Brescia. He is known to all of us by the romantic story of his passion for Heloise, which has passed into a classic all over Europe. Heloise was the niece of one Fulbert, a Canon of Notre Dame, in age just sweet seventeen; in beauty, talent, and knowledge unsurpassed. Abelard, then thirty-eight years old, became the teacher of this charming pupil; and it is not surprising that the motto of Chaucer’s delightful nun proved in his case true: “Amor vincit omnia.” Heloise returned her teacher’s affection with equal ardour; Fulbert, deeming that a pedant destined for the tonsure was proof against Cupid, suspected nothing until he happened to find some ardent poetical effusions addressed to his lovely niece. They fled together; Heloise was privately married to Abelard, and this with their uncle’s consent. Shortly after, she declared that she had never been married at all, so that she might not hinder his advancement in the Church. The terrible punishment inflicted on Abelard by Fulbert need not be detailed here; he survived it, and entered as a monk, while Heloise took the veil at Argenteuil. Abelard may be described as the forerunner of those who think for themselves. His thesis was that understanding must precede belief; but it must be particularly insisted on that the school which he founded did not answer to our Agnosticism, for its disciples believed that they could explain the main articles of belief; still, even this cautious faith could not prevent his conviction, before two Councils, of heresies.

The ascendancy which he gained over his age can hardly be realised; he succeeded by his fascinating presence and his wonderful eloquence in attracting and retaining round his chair throngs of pupils, and it was in the Middle Ages, as we have seen it to be in classical times, that these groups of scholars gathered who were several years later to constitute the Universities. A doctor of some reputation proceeds to settle in a central town, and draws around him disciples eager to be instructed. Their numbers gradually increase; other doctors, finding an audience all ready, set up their chairs near his; and thus is founded a school which went by the name of Studium, but in its inception it only embraced certain special studies. Thus the University of Paris began with schools of theology and philosophy. Bologna, which boasted eighty professorships and twelve thousand students from all countries, was at first a mere school of Roman Law. After some time these associations of students win the patronage of some Pope or Emperor; they receive a charter, and then become a University, a word which signifies in its first application merely a Corporation, but has been generally taken to signify a school of universal study.

It was thus that the University of Paris took its rise and its course. The influx of students was prodigious during the second half of the thirteenth century, and it appears that, owing to the vast number who flocked thither, Philip Augustus enlarged the circumference of the city. Thirty-two eminent Oxonians are mentioned as having studied there; among them Robert Grossteste and Roger Bacon. The University of Paris was the model from which our own Oxford and Cambridge derived their formal constitution and the course of their studies. Paris was then, especially for theologians, the most famous seat of learning in Europe. Its colleges were crowded with men from almost all countries, even from distant Scandinavia, Spain, and Scotland. At the lowest estimate there were 10,000 students. The beauty of the University in the fifteenth century has been set forth by Victor Hugo. From one end to the other it was a compact whole; three thousand roofs, all lying at similar geometrical angles, looked as though they had been crystallised. Amongst them forty-two colleges were distributed. There remain of its former buildings the square tower of S. Geneviève and the Sorbonne, half college, half monastery, of which an admirable nave still survives. This served as the model for most of the Universities in Europe. Oxford and Cambridge, as well as Prague, Vienna, Heidelberg, and Cologne, derived their formal constitution, the tradition of their education, and their modes of instruction from Paris.

A new book by Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O., is announced by Stanley Paul and Co. Six months ago this writer described a gallery of “Remarkable Women of France,” from 1431-1749; in his new book he deals with “Women of the Revolutionary Era.”

"Academy" Acrostics

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THERE will be 12 weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £5, £3, and £2 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

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DOUBLE ACROSTIC (Fourth of the Series)

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things":

What were the chosen subjects? for from these each upright springs.

- (1) In delivering a sentence, one must not forget the laws; Let us try to read them rightly, and then this "must give us pause."
- (2) Now work with me; and, if you see it, You'll find out what it is; so be it!
- (3) To lie, in a Court, is forbidden—you knew so— But this is a subject on which you may do so.
- (4) *Festina lente!* a warning to heed, Or else you may do it if going such speed.
- (5) "Peter Piper picked a peck of peppercorns, Did Peter Piper pick," etc. (I'm selfishly hoping, for once, you have erred; So please me by not getting on to the word).
- (6) Something quite saucy, your palate to tickle. (I think this is where you will get in a pickle!)
- (7) If this had never this before, It then would last for evermore.
- (8) Around you, a girdle, attended by pain; Above you, well fitted to keep off the rain.

E. N.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC

A measure! (You'll probably think of it pat,
And do so with joy or displeasure.)
This is an Englishman's castle; in that,
Kings find use; so may we, in a measure.

- (1) "Seven wealthy towns contend for (this man) dead,
Through which the living (ditto) begged his bread."
Lay head of that at foot of this,
And then the name you cannot miss.
- (2) Admitting that money is owing you; yet
I can't be connected with this form of debt.
- (3) Out of this a mountain make;
To do so is a great mistake.
- (4) Expensive command! as all fathers agree,
But for children, they know 'tis a proper decree.
We cost them a lot when a school we were stuck at,
And now we want more! we are short of a ducat.

- (1) H o m e R
- (2) O U
- (3) M olehil L
- (4) E ducat E

Note: (2) IOU ("I" can't be connected).

Solutions to No. 2 ("Hard Cash") were received from Albo, Miss E. Brown, Chutney, Enos, Fin, Mrs. E. L. Gardner, Jorrocks, Jim, Kamsin, Mancuni, Marguerite, F. C. Moore, Novara, Pussy, Mrs. A. Rogers, Sadykins, Spider, Strum, G. S., W. J. Tiltman, T. Walker, Morgan Watkins, and Wilbro. "Homeric" is admitted as a correct first light

Music

LATELY, the operatic interest, which seemed to be most powerful at Drury Lane, has centred at Covent Garden, where both "Don Giovanni" and the "Nozze di Figaro" have been given, and Boito's splendid "Mefistofele" has, at last, been revived. If our memory be not at fault, this opera, though not infrequently promised, had not been heard at Covent Garden since 1898, when Mme. Calvé was so superb a Margaret. That great singer was wonderful in Gounod's "Faust," but it was understood that her preference was for Boito's opera. We have now, alas, no Calvé, but we have so thoroughly learnt the lesson that excellence of *ensemble* more than compensates us for the absence of one or two artists of genius that, when we are fortunate enough to get it, we are quite happy.

The recent performance of "Mefistofele" was not perfect, but, under Signor Polacco's very competent direction, it was very good, and the beauty of the opera almost came as a surprise. In earlier days it was usual to hear from your cultivated critics that Boito had written one of the really great works. Gounod was rather contemptuously dismissed as a mere compounder of artifice and sentimentality; Boito, on the contrary, was lauded to the skies as a real master of musical tragedy. The English public, however, did not subscribe to this view. Their heart was given to the familiar, the so intelligible music of Gounod, and thus no place was found for Boito in their affections. As a people we are "made like that," no doubt. It is supposed to be a crime if we confer our love on two objects at the same time. In music we act as if we thought it better to be "off with the old love," etc. It is different in countries where music is regarded with greater intelligence; in France and Germany, for instance, Gluck and Schumann are not neglected, as with us, because we have got a passion for some other composer. In Italy, where the people love opera, they go to hear the "Fausts" of Gounod and Boito, and find it interesting and delightful to be able to enjoy both. Here people are found saying that Russian music makes all else seem insipid to them!

During the last sixteen years we have been keeping our musical friendships in repair with the greatest vigour. We have got to know C. Franck and the modern Frenchmen; Richard Strauss and Reger; the great Russians; Puccini; and our own gifted Englishmen such as Elgar and Vaughan Williams. In order, then, to put ourselves in the right position to appreciate the opera of Boito, which, though remodelled in 1875, was written in 1868, we must clear our minds of the influences which have been at work more recently. Remembering the joy with which "Mefistofele" was acclaimed by critics of light and leading on its first appearance here in 1880, we have been surprised to learn from many of their successors that they now find this music uninspired, artificial, stiff, obsolete. Only

one of the very competent "modernists" has agreed with our own old-fashioned view that nearly all of "Mefistofele" is very fine music, that it is a work well worth its place in any repertory, a beautiful and highly interesting opera. Now and then, as in the swinging tune of the *ensemble* in the last act, we seem to recognise the style of the unregenerated Italian opera, the style that looks back to the earlier Verdi and forward to the manner of Puccini. But the greater portion of the score is marked by individual character; it is Italian but fine Italian; it is really illustrative, vivid; it is never laboured or "stiff." Well performed as it was the other day, with a good deal of new scenery by Bakst (though this was not the best "Bakst"), "Mefistofele" gave us great pleasure. We could not help thinking that, were it announced as by a Russian and performed at Drury Lane, all London would be flocking to hear it, exclaiming "How wonderful!" Some of us who have heard it at Milan or Monte Carlo with Chaliapine, know what was thought of it at those places.

Signor Didur acted very well, but his voice did not carry great weight. Mr. McCormack sang better as Faust than we had ever heard him; Signor Zucchi doubled the parts of Wagner and Nereus, and was first-rate in both. Mme. Muzio sang the part of Margaret, some of the most dramatic and arresting music in any opera—how thrillingly Nilsson used to sing the prison aria!—with fine conviction. Mme. Berat's Martha was, of course, a success, and Mmes. Raisa and Hegl did very well as Elena and Pantalis. The performance spoke of careful rehearsal and a definite attempt to secure a good *ensemble*. Boito thoroughly understood the art of the climax, and Signor Polacco built up the climaxes with remarkable effect. We would urge all open-minded amateurs to go and hear "Mefistofele."

If we were thankful to Covent Garden for this opera, we were even more so for "Le Nozze di Figaro." It cannot be too often repeated that Mozart's music is the most difficult of all to sing well, or that which most repays good singing. The artists who essay Mozart should be as good as Mme. Claire Dux was as Pamina at Drury Lane. But were they all as perfect as that delightful lady they would still need to practise, for weeks together, under the most skilled direction, before the due effect of absolute naturalness and spontaneity could be achieved. If the right cast could be selected for the "Nozze" and the artists be practised together for a month or two, the opera might then be given as it deserves. Pains had clearly been taken at Covent Garden, and the wonderful finale of the second act was done with excellent spirit and unanimity. Other *ensembles* were not so good; still, they were sufficiently good to show to the least critical that no one except Mozart ever wrote such inimitably fresh and delightful music.

We could not agree with some of our friends that the performance as a whole was poor. On the contrary, we judged it to be full of good points. The only artist who fell into the common error of exaggeration was Mlle. Zeppili, but Susanna requires such delicacy of

touch that criticism may well rein itself in before condemning a Susanne who is only a little too arch and ogling. The "waiting gentlewoman" of the period was not very refined, perhaps; but she should beware of assuming the freedoms that might lead to her becoming, in maturer age, something of a Mrs. Slipslop. Mme. Raisa's voice is not of the ideal quality for Mozart, and the Countess has to suffer from comparison with many great artists. But "Sull'aria" was given by Mmes. Raisa and Zeppili with real skill and charm, and that was worth a great deal. Signori Acquistapace and Scotti were thoroughly competent as Figaro and the Count. Scotti sang with marked restraint, and the contrast between him and Figaro was very effective. There have been Counts who encroached upon the rights of Figaro to be humorous, but Signori Scotti and Acquistapace understood each other and did the right thing. As Cherubino, Mme. Maggie Teyte was, of course, a "perfect darling." She may have phrased imperfectly now and then, her voice may be small for so great a theatre, but, if she had any faults, they could be forgiven at once. The orchestra, under Signor Panizza, played beautifully, with vivacity and delicacy, and such clearness that nothing, scarcely, was lost. Of "Don Giovanni" we hope to have another opportunity of speaking. Perfect performances of these works are not to be expected, not even in Germany. London should be very much obliged to Covent Garden for giving it performances which ordinary people can listen to with such enjoyment.

The Theatre

"The Sin of David"

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS gives us delightful, jewel-like phrases in his romantic adaptation of the story of the gifted Psalmist and Bathsheba, happy rhythms, carefully chosen gorgeous words, pure sentiments, expressed with almost divine simplicity and clarity, and an abundance of rhetoric. All this and the passionate story of love and hate might, doubtless, make a fine play, but Mr. Phillips does not do quite so much as that. "The Sin of David," however, excellently produced by Mr. Irving at the Savoy Theatre, is, of course, quite "good enough for the critics," as the author would say; but for the public in a warm London July that is another affair.

The period chosen is 1643; some part of the Parliamentary army is near Rushland House in the Fenland. The house belongs to Colonel Mardyke, Mr. Henry Vibart, who is old and extremely disagreeable, and who has married his ward, Miriam, a beautiful young French girl, a part acted, if not spoken, with perfect skill and allure by Miss Miriam Lewes.

Unto these, for all the other characters are very useful and quite uninteresting, comes the Commander

of the Forces, Sir Hubert Lisle, Mr. H. B. Irving, who looks extraordinarily interesting and severe in his armour on his first entry. The immediate business in hand is the consideration of the case of Lieutenant Joyce, who, although strongly Puritan, has followed after the lusts of the flesh. There is an equal number of his judges for and against his death. The Commander gives his casting vote on the side of severity, and Joyce is shot. No sooner is this harsh sentence carried out than Sir Hubert finds himself in love with Miriam and she with him. The rest will be known to you, for was not Uriah the Hittite sent to his certain death in battle by David, and did not Bathsheba become the ruler's wife, bear him a son, who was taken from them, suffer, and eventually rejoin their hands and souls in ultimate union?

Naturally, Mr. Phillips does not follow the original exactly, nor does he do so quite fairly. We have no reason to suppose that the Uriah of history was so extremely unpleasant to his wife as was Colonel Mardyke. Bathsheba had no cause to say that her husband locked up her spirit and kept the key, as has Miriam. We know the sort of way a Puritan who was more ill-tempered guardian than husband would treat his women-folk in the year 1643. She certainly would not lie in his bosom as did her prototype, nor was she in any sense the little ewe lamb of the old story. But engrafted on the Puritanical period, this incident in the life of David makes an uncommonly effective and straightforward drama. There are scenes of great power, beauty and pathos, and the action is carried forward with directness and almost harsh inevitability. Truly, one is aware of just the developments which will take place, but Mr. Phillips often endows the situations with freshness and grace, delicacy of phrase and strength of language.

As Sir Hubert Lisle, Mr. H. B. Irving played with his usual distinction and charm, and in the last and most effective scene with his wife, who thinks that she should leave him now that she knows their marriage is rooted in murder and her son has been taken from her as a punishment, he showed a depth of tenderness and warmth of devotion and gentleness not hitherto exhibited in his work.

As a whole, his Lisle was worthy of the actor's wide popularity, and displayed something more sincere and touching than is usual with him. The gifts, too, of Miss Miriam Lewes are seen to great advantage as the harshly treated wife of the Puritan who finds the glories and delights of love as soon as she sees Sir Hubert. Bathsheba was seen and sent for and submitted to her King; the heroine of "The Sin of David" loved her lord at once and, although it is not plainly seen in the play, evidently grappled him to her with hooks of steel. She is a lover who has found her paradise, and had she known of the way of death which Mardyke followed we do not think it would have made the least difference to the Miriam which Miss Lewes presents. Mr. Henry Vibart as the Uriah of the play acted completely within his part and gave a power

picture of the character and also spoke the blank verse with far more effect and point than anyone in the cast. The lesser parts were played with infinite care by Miss Marie Linden, Mr. Imeson, Mr. Tom Reynolds, and the rest, but they really only form a subdued and perfect background to the three main people of the play; we are grateful to them, but we forget to applaud.

There can be no doubt that in "The Sin of David" Mr. Stephen Phillips shows a very marked advance in the art of the stage. Here he is freed from overwhelming theatrical effects and is enabled to tell his story with force and directness. He and Mr. Irving and Miss Lewes were received with marked enthusiasm.

Mr. Irving is now playing the famous comedy-farce by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, "The Van Dyck," in front of the serious play in three acts. He is as good as ever in the part of the curious thief, a performance which we have praised many times.

EGAN MEW.

The Production of "Dylan"

THE performance of "Dylan" at Drury Lane bears out in every respect the forecast that appeared in these columns a fortnight ago. Though it is the second opera of Mr. Holbrooke's trilogy, I am not aware whether it was written in succession to the first, or, as some assert, a few years previously. The point has some importance, as it is so much the better opera of the two that one would like to know in which direction Mr. Holbrooke is progressing—whether, for instance, he is plunging into, or redeeming himself from, acute Wagnerism. The analogies with the Ring are not so disturbing in "Dylan" as they are in "The Children of Don"; this may, however, arise from the fact that the dialogue scenes are less prominent. In the first they were interminable; here their length is not unreasonable, considering the action they have to make clear. That is, of course, unless one accepts Mr. Ernest Newman's theory that in music-drama, as in the symphonic poem, all subsidiary matter should be taken as read. Now it is precisely in these conversations that, even in "Dylan," Mr. Holbrooke is most subservient to the Wagnerian tradition; consequently the opera which allots the more space to them appears the more Wagnerian in conception.

There is, however, one most important lesson Mr. Holbrooke has not learned from the creator of music-drama, and that is the art of musical characterisation. The corresponding scenes in the Ring are nearly as long-winded as they are in this trilogy, but Wagner had such proficiency in the fashioning of his vocal line that he was able to provide each of his personages with a characteristic series of patterns quite distinct from the leitmotiv, whose place is generally in the orchestra. The result is that each character is, so to speak, featured in profile, and the monotony of intercourse reduced to a minimum. Mr. Holbrooke's characters not only use all the same idiom, but an overwhelming majority of

them is represented by the lower voices, so that the monotony is in his case increased beyond reason.

The rest of the opera, apart from these scenes, is occupied either with dramatic action or with the picturesque episodes associated with the sea. In the latter the effect depends upon instrumental colouring and vigorous choral writing, in both of which Mr. Holbrooke is an adept. The illustrative music of these sections is, in my opinion, less successful than the analogous music of some of his symphonic poems. The personal note is not so convincingly present; but the music of the wildfowl, to mention one such episode, is effective, and, above all, is *du bon théâtre*. It is important to mention this, because the lack of opportunities for theatrical experience places our native composers at a disadvantage when writing for the stage. In spite of some remaining defects, the later portions of "Dylan" give me the impression that, if provided with a more practicable libretto, Mr. Holbrooke will eventually produce good work for the theatre, though whether it will take the form described as music-drama is still doubtful because of the weakness in characterisation.

Reverting to the episodes connected with the sea, it is a distinct pleasure to be able to speak favourably of the performance of the chorus. I cannot remember an English chorus acquitting itself so creditably on the stage. Where they were collectively at fault the blame devolves not upon them, but upon the stage manager, who did not prove himself a master of that very difficult branch of his art, the management of stage crowds. With regard to the soloists, they were one and all excellent, and gave proof of a most earnest endeavour to present Mr. Holbrooke's music in its most favourable aspect. The composition of the stage picture was not always everything that it might have been, and the gesture lacked variety; but an expert would soon set that right. The stumbling-block was, as usual in English opera, the enunciation. Hardly one of our composers, least of all Mr. Holbrooke, has realised that every language creates its own vocal idiom, and that, apart from their emotional significance, syllables have certain phonetic qualities which react upon the music best qualified to give them support. The contemporary output of the three principal musical countries is largely governed by this principle, of which Moussorgsky in Russia, Hugo Wolf in Germany, and Debussy in France have been recent adherents. The result is that their text can be clearly heard, whereas that of Mr. Holbrooke was so indistinct that his announcement to the effect that "Dylan" was not Russian opera was by no means superfluous. The accompaniment was frequently indiscreet, intruding itself just when the word was due that should have made the sense clear. In this respect Mr. Holbrooke has much to learn from those foreign models which he affects to despise, without, however, emancipating himself from their influence in other directions.

For the rest, the production, although it shows some progress in our operatic methods, and particularly a better discipline, is still below the standard that it

will be necessary to enforce if our native opera is ever to rank with that of other countries. There is a lack of resource which the introduction of the cinematograph did not suffice to make good. The use of a mechanical device of that description is always a danger, which can only be avoided by the utmost refinement, and it cannot be said that this was accomplished. The costumes were, on the whole, very well thought out; but many of them were imperfectly realised. Where the design was properly carried into effect the result was not only good in itself, but harmonious in the ensemble. The subject being mystical, I should have preferred scenery displaying a greater flight of imagination than that provided by Mr. Sime, but I admit a strong bias against realism in productions of this kind. My contention is that realism circumscribes the potential significance, and it is one that is backed by contemporary developments in the art of the theatre; but the opposite view has a respectable tradition behind it. Mr. Sime has preferred definition, and would probably claim to be the better judge.

In conclusion, I believe that "Dylan," in spite of the defects which it is one's duty to underline, has undone much of the mischief of "The Children of Don," and that, though few critics have sufficiently overcome their dislike to admit it, the cause of native opera does not stand precisely where it did a fortnight ago—it has taken a goodly step towards realisation. But it has a long way to travel, and its wellwishers must be excused for hoping that other means than those of Keltic mythology may be found for its furtherance.

E. E.

Modern French Masters at the Duke of Westminster's House

"I HOPE with all my heart that there will be painting in heaven," Corot said, shortly before his death. This phrase breathes the spirit of delight in their labour which animated, through good and evil fortunes, the now immensely admired painters of his period. For the benefit of various excellent charities and, if we may mention so unimportant a matter, for our own instruction, the Comtesse Greffulhe and her friends have gathered together one hundred and ten works of art painted or cast in bronze in France between the years 1800 and 1885.

The names of the painters are those which now thrill the markets of men and have produced fortunes for those, like the late Mr. Justice Day, who collected them some twenty or thirty years ago. Cézanne, Daumier, Claude Monet, Gauguin, Pissarro, Sisley, Manet, Van Gogh, Monticelli, Corot, and Degas are names which attract and interest every lover of art. But many of the examples now shown are far from creating in us that sense of beauty and desire to possess which we anticipated. Where among all this brave show are the perfect works that one can admire with-

out reservation? Certainly not the five early Corots which rarely suspire that spirit and sentiment of nature which we look for in his work. Hardly the many examples of Degas; for the only one which we long to snatch from the stately walls of the Duke of Westminster's gallery is the "Scène de Ballet," lent by Sir William Eden. It is true that the "Portrait de M. Devillers," by Ingres, is full of silvery charm, a heritage from Goya perhaps, and "Le Bal" of Monticelli is one of the most beautiful and successful works of that bold and original artist. Apart from these, there is a feeling of incomplete achievement in many of the paintings now so boldly displayed, which inclines us to think that some of the much-vaunted names of the mid-nineteenth century will not outlast the vogue of the present day by more than a generation.

With the grand and elemental bronzes from the Musée Rodin the feeling is, of course, quite different; but even here there is some hint that the gods of our day will meet with a cool reception by future artists. The "Sir George Wyndham" is, of course, likely to remain, historically, of great interest; but the "Cybèle," "L'Enfant prodigue," the "Balzac" study—are these the expressions of a sculptor that win immortality? We believe not.

Just such a collection as is now at Grosvenor House should certainly be seen by all lovers of art, for it will enable them to gain a sense of the value of schools which are at the moment immensely over-praised, and to place in just perspective the painting of men once neglected whose pictures are now so completely the victims of a fashionable vogue.

E. M.

Notes and News

Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," has written a new romance entitled "The Wall of Partition," which will be issued by her publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, simultaneously in England and America, on September 2 next.

The Year Book Press announce for immediate publication four new cards in their popular "Memorabilia" series, "Makers of English Literature," "Battles of England," "Colonies of the Empire," "Explorers and Discoverers." The same firm are also issuing "The Girls' School Year Book" for 1914, being the ninth year of publication.

The next and eighth publication of the Champlain Society will be ready for distribution in about four weeks' time. This will be the first volume of "Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America, 1757-1760," by Captain John Knox, edited for the Society by A. G. Doughty, LL.D., C.M.G., the Dominion Archivist. The work will be completed in three volumes.

Although the book was prepared with every expectation of Mr. Chamberlain's continued life, and even with his express sanction, the recent death of the famous statesman lends particular interest to the publication of "With Mr. Chamberlain in the United States and

Canada," by Sir Willoughby Maycock, K.C.M.G. Messrs. Chatto and Windus have this fully illustrated volume in the press, and will issue it immediately.

Mr. Perriton Maxwell, editor of *Nash's Magazine*, announces the amalgamation of *Nash's* and the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Beginning with the September number, the two publications will be issued as one under the title of *Nash's Pall Mall Magazine*. Mr. Perriton Maxwell will have both editorial and art control of the combined magazine, which is to be greatly enlarged and improved.

On Tuesday evening last week a new musician made his first appearance at the Bechstein Hall in the person of Kare Brückner, who was born at Gothenberg, in Sweden, about nineteen years ago. This young violinist has already completed his studies at Leipzig under the most noted professors there and earned for himself the reputation of being a first-class artist. When only eight years of age he was taken to Berlin, when Professor Joseph Joachim and Lady Hallé showed great interest in this young prodigy, of whom great things are prophesied.

A new shilling monthly magazine, entitled *Colour*, will be issued this week. A special feature of this new venture will be the large number of reproductions by the three-colour process. It is hoped that the magazine will be of interest to the public generally, with a special appeal to all interested in art, literature, and the drama. The cover is by Frank Brangwyn, and in addition the magazine will contain coloured reproductions of pictures by many famous artists, and excellent literary contributions. *Colour* will be published by William Dawson and Sons and printed by the Abbey Press.

The last meeting of the Goethe Society for the session 1913-14 was held on July 2 at the Medical Hall, Professor H. G. Atkins in the chair. An extremely interesting paper, in German, was read by Dr. Hugo Mayer on "Züge aus Goethe's ministerieller Tätigkeit," in which it was shown how very ably the poet had fulfilled his often prosaic and not very easy task, and how he had thrown himself with all his accustomed energy into reorganising the finances of the duchy and improving the condition of both agriculturists and workers at the mines. In the spirited discussion which followed, the chairman, Mr. Ernest Scott, Mr. A. H. Singleton, and Mr. Gregory A. Page took part.

"Fugitive pieces" is the name often applied to the contents of the magazines and reviews; but the hundreds of valuable articles written every month will be no longer "lost" when the "Index to Periodicals Quarterly" appears. The first part, covering April to June of this year, will be issued at the beginning of September. All the articles appearing in the 150 "best" periodicals will be indexed according to their subjects; a method much to be preferred to a merely alphabetical arrangement, particularly as all the authors will be indexed alphabetically as well as the subjects. It will be possible to see at once everything of importance that has been written during the three months on subjects of interest. Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are publishing the "Index to Periodicals"; advance subscription orders should be addressed to the General Editor, 3, Darnley Terrace, Gravesend.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

ON Wednesday week the Lords accepted the invitation of the Government; and proceeded to amend the Amending Bill to the Home Rule Bill. Everything was done decorously and in order; the whole situation was carefully considered. They decided that the six years' "stay of execution," as Carson called it, would not do, so that clause went by the board. Lord Lansdowne then moved his amendment that the whole of Ulster, not certain counties, should be excluded from the scheme. Lord Crewe, on behalf of the Government, felt sure that the Government would not accept so drastic an alteration, but the Peers carried it by a majority of 99—39 voting against.

In the Commons we were whipped for 3 o'clock, and there was a large attendance of Unionist members; but the Government, having been scorched severely on the previous day, when their majority went down to 23, were not taking any risks. There were only 28 questions, but these took up more time than usual. After that an acid Radical named Kellaway got up under the 10-minute rule and introduced a Bill for the compensation of poultry-farmers by fox-hunts. He quoted a number of extreme cases, and suggested that foxes ought to be kept in cages! This aroused great hilarity in a House where a large number of men still ride to hounds.

We meant to allow the Bill to have a second reading, but Handel Booth was much too astute to allow this; besides, it was still early, and the Government supporters were by no means up to their full strength; if Tim Healy got a division on the North Galway writ, the number might even get below 23. So he made a rambling speech in reply. He represented a harmless sport that was not injured by the fox—viz., homing pigeons. They had other enemies. "Cats," suggested Dalrymple from below the gangway, amid laughter. "No, not cats; but if men took to shooting foxes, they might shoot pigeons." The Tories had no lead given them, so declined to vote, which played into the hands of the Radicals; 277 voted "to protect the old women who bred fowls," and only nine voted for Booth; but the abstention of the Tories will, I fear, be used against them in many a countryside.

Now, said the Tories, for some fun—not a bit of it. Runciman got up and introduced a Bill to spend £5,000,000 on housing—fancy a Minister introducing a Bill of this nature under the 10-minute rule!—a belated attempt to enable Radical candidates to brag about what the Government intend to do, and meant as an answer to Griffith-Boscawen's repeated attempts to make them do something. The Bill was read a second time.

The wrangle between the Healyites and the Redmondites about the delay in the issue of the writ for North Galway then came on. Tim made a vitriolic speech (I know I have used the word before, but there

is really no other for it), in which he declared that the "House had to wait the convenience of a bankrupt," and that those who wanted to withhold the issue of the writ "were the accomplices of a fraud." Dillon, who sits immediately behind Tim, glared down at the top of the top-hat of the latter as if he sought to burn a hole in his brain; later on he used his order paper as if it were a truncheon, and some of us feared that any moment he would bang Tim's hat over his eyes. Dillon was equally violent in speech, but he had evidently been instructed to give way and avoid a dangerous division, so the writ was moved for. Mr. Hazlet, the Nationalist candidate, will have to pay the £2,000 damages if he stands again for North Galway; but little things like that cannot be helped when a Government is on a lee shore.

The rest of the evening was spent in arranging the gag and the guillotine on the Finance Bill. Asquith assured the rebels behind him that he would at once appoint a Committee to go into the question of simplifying the income tax if possible. This placated them, and the House rose at 10.

Mr. Birrell still refuses to take any action *re* the illegal armies in Ireland or the gun-running. He believed that there were 85,000 Ulster Volunteers and 132,000 National Volunteers now in the field. Whilst all this is going on in Ireland, the Lords continued their labours in trying to amend the Amending Bill. Lord Lansdowne is bent on staving off civil war if he can; so all he is trying to do is not to destroy the Home Rule Bill but to cut Ulster out. Lord MacDonnell apparently is trying to do more than that. As Sir Anthony MacDonnell he made his name famous as an administrator in India, and, although a Home Ruler, was made head of the permanent officials in Ireland by a Unionist Government. He is secretly sure that if he were given a free hand he could settle the whole question without difficulty. He evidently thought Land Purchase would be a cause of future strife—that there would be a suspicion that the Dublin Parliament would not fix rents fairly, and Crewe thought it wise to accept this amendment. The Lords retained the power of appointing the Judges in the hands of the Imperial Parliament. Ulster would not stand Judges appointed by Dublin—it would be impossible for Ulster to have a judiciary of their own; so he came to the conclusion that the only way to keep them independent was to leave things as they are.

In the Commons we discussed the Board of Trade Vote, foreign seamen, seamen's eyesight, etc.; but it was very hot, and not much interest was taken.

On Friday, Sir Edward Grey listened to criticisms and defended the Foreign Office. In a thin House, Bonar Law listened and watched. Finally he rose, and said that, while various critics had been lecturing the Foreign Secretary on the duty of keeping peace throughout the world, the larger question seemed to be that the Government ought to keep the peace within its own borders—a duty which he doubted and feared they

would not be able to accomplish. It was a telling interruption in the debate.

On Monday, Mr. Asquith made his long-promised statement as to the course of business; but it was eminently unsatisfactory. It was exasperating in its indefiniteness. No man could go home and tell his wife to take the villa at La Touquet, make plans for the moor in Scotland, or arrange for the children to go to Folkestone. Asquith said the present session would come to an end "in the course of August." What is the use of a statement like that? Does it mean the 1st or the 31st? It might mean either or any day between! A new session would start "in the early winter." What is the use of a date like that? Bonar Law pressed him to be more definite, but without success. He said he proposed, before we rose, to deal with the Housing Bill, the Irish Amending Bill, the Indian Budget, and the House of Lords Reform Resolutions—a fairly large order, when we consider the state of the Finance Bill.

In the new session the provisions of the Revenue Bill by which grants to the local authorities can be included in next year's Estimates will be taken. He hoped to give more exact information on Friday, when he would move the suspension of the 11 o'clock rule for the rest of the session to enable the programme to be carried through.

In the Lords the report stage of the Home Rule Bill was considered. It was resolved that the Dublin Parliament should not have power to appoint the County Court Judges. Lord Macdonnell again tried his hand at Constitution-making. He proposed that there should be proportional representation in the Nationalist Parliament by means of three constituencies being grouped together. This would give the loyal minority a chance, at any rate, of representation—without which there would not be a Protestant in the Irish Parliament except the members for Dublin University. After this I strolled back to the Commons. It was very hot, and the members seemed somewhat lethargic. Lloyd George made a concession to the landowners; he moved an amendment to his own Bill, allowing super-tax payers to deduct the full amount spent on property for repairs, maintenance, insurance, and management, instead of only up to the 25 per cent. at present allowed.

We had a division later on, but I candidly confess like many others I did not understand it, and on the principle that it is well to be on the safe side I voted against it.

There are many rumours in the Lobby: (1) that Redmond will accept the Amending Bill, whatever it contains; (2) that Redmond will let the six years go and agree to six counties being left out, but not the whole province of Ulster; (3) that Illingworth will not be able to keep his worn-out and dispirited forces together during the whole of August; (4) that this session will be the last. I note these things so as to explain the present atmosphere; personally, as long as Carson can keep his men quiet, I believe the Government will sit tight and risk everything.

On Tuesday afternoon I was irresistibly reminded of

an interview in one of the "Tales of Mean Streets" by Arthur Morrison:—

"Why that," Sotcher (of the Red Cow Group of anarchists) explained, "means that everybody can make wot arrangements with 'is feller-men 'e likes for to carry on the business of life, but nothink can't bind you. You chuck over the arrangement if it suits best."

"Ah," said Gunno Polson (the Bookie), musingly rotating his pot horizontally before him to stir the beer, "that 'ud be 'andy sometimes. They call it welshin' now."

In 1894, when Sir William Harcourt put on the death duties, he deliberately came to the conclusion that in the case of settlements, if the Settlor paid certain duties, then that death duty need not be paid when the property changed hands by death. It was a binding arrangement between the State and the Settlor which was to last as long as the settlement was in existence.

Mr. Lloyd George finds this inconvenient, and therefore proposes in the present Finance Bill to tear up the arrangement. We could not complain if he did it in future settlements, but, as Cassel pointed out, to break this bargain was practically a repudiation. It is true Mr. Lloyd George proposes to return the money with simple interest, but that is just as if an insurance office after a policy had been twenty years in existence decided that the bargain was not a good one and offered to return the premiums. Mr. Bonar Law put it thus: "The Chancellor has taken twenty minutes to say what Mr. Larkin said in four words: 'To hell with contracts.'" As Gunno Polson said, it would be called "welshing" in other times. However, the Welshman carried it by a large majority.

In the Learned World

THE daily Press is at present suffering from a flight of scientific *canards*. First came the story of the train suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and sky, and moving with incredible swiftness through what electricians call a "sucking" coil. Whether this is possible in practice or not remains to be seen; but the principle of magnetic repulsion on which it is based was demonstrated in some very pretty experiments by Prof. Elihu Thomson as long ago as the last Paris Exhibition, and the apparatus illustrating it can be bought from the German makers for a few pounds. Then came the turn of the "talking" dog who is said to have learned the thieves' or spirit-rappers' alphabet, and to have shown by its aid that it understands abstract ideas such as those implied by expressions like "the Christ-child"; and then stories of the grafting of the organs of beasts on the body of man, and the consequent cure of diseases like myxoedema and cretinism. All these stories seem to reach us through one telegraphic agency or another, and are given "scare" headlines in our papers in a way which argues very little scientific know-

ledge on the part of their staffs. One of the last published is the supposed discovery of a means by which the electrical current can be made, as the newspapers say, "perpetual." Could this be, we should solve at once the problems of perpetual motion, of almost costless labour, and of much else besides; but the idea, though ignorantly reported and not very novel, is, at any rate, based on fact. Sir James Dewar and other great experimenters found out long ago that, as the absolute zero, or, in other words, *minus* 273 degrees (Centigrade) of temperature is approached, the resistance of certain metals to the electric current seems to vanish. In a communication to the Amsterdam Academy of Sciences in January last, Professor Kamel-ingh Onnes, who has followed Sir James Dewar's methods in the production of extremely low temperatures, shows that if a wire of pure tin be employed as a conductor of electricity, its resistance to the current suddenly disappears at about 4 degrees above the absolute zero, and that a leaden wire becomes "superconducting" when immersed in liquid helium at a temperature of less than a degree higher. The communication is summarised in the ever useful *Science Abstracts*, where the earlier experiments on the subject were duly chronicled three years ago.

One never knows to what commercial or industrial use any scientific discovery may be put, and it has already been suggested that this wiping out of electrical resistance may serve in the construction of induction coils or transformers. As the expense of maintaining a temperature low enough to liquefy helium would be enormous, this does not seem over likely, but the experiments perhaps point to a step forward in the solution of the most fascinating of all problems in physics, namely, that of the nature of electricity. It cannot be said that such a step has actually been made, because the suddenness of the change is as yet unaccounted for. That the electrical resistance increases with the temperature has long been known, and, did it diminish regularly and gradually as the absolute zero is approached, this might indicate an identity of nature between heat and electricity. The suddenness of the disappearance of the resistance, however, implies the introduction of some new factor, and, until this is discovered, we shall hardly be much further forward. In these circumstances, one ventures to wonder whether the employment of helium as a cold-producer may not be for something in the affair. Professor Soddy, in a recent number of *Science Progress*, showed that pure helium at low pressure conducts the electric discharge with such difficulty that a tube full of it can be used for the production of cathode and X-rays instead of the usual high vacuum. He says, too, that Sir William Ramsay and Professor Collie in their early experiments with this gas found that at atmospheric pressure it conducts better than most gases. Thus it may well be that in the behaviour of helium, which until lately was so rare that it was thought to exist only in the sun, we have the key to more than one mystery.

Not unconnected with this is a curious point recently made known in connection with the stratosphere or envelope of highly rarefied gases which surrounds our earth, and from which, as has lately been said in this column, meteorologists say our changes of weather actually come. Balloons with parachutes and self-registering thermometers were sent up from Batavia, in Java, last winter and reached the stratosphere, rising as high as 20 kilometres from the earth. At 17 kilometres the instruments showed the existence of an extremely cold layer of temperature, falling as low as *minus* 91 degrees C., which is said to be the lowest natural temperature yet recorded, while, some 3 kilometres higher up, the stratosphere showed a cold of only *minus* 57 degrees C., which is about the average of the same layer over Europe. The odd thing about these observations is that other observations are on record which show a similar cold belt on other occasions over Java, which is not one of the coolest places over the equator. It looks, therefore, as if the lower atmosphere of our earth might be hot where the stratosphere is cold, and *vice versa*. As helium is the lightest terrestrial gas known, with the exception of hydrogen, it enters largely into the composition of the stratosphere, and may have something to do with the phenomenon.

Before athletics became part of the daily life of most European nations, it used to be a common reproach against us that we thought the best cure for mental fatigue was bodily exercise. The researches of M. J. M. Lahy, just communicated to the French Académie des Sciences, go to show that there is much to be said for this view. Any objective test of mental fatigue is, of course, difficult to apply with precision, but M. Lahy has for some time contended that he has found one in the increase of blood-pressure, which, according to him, is caused by any fatigue other than that of the muscles. He has tested with ingenious apparatus of his own devising the blood-pressure of a squad of infantry on manœuvres, when laden with their rifles, cartridges, and packs, both before and after their daily march. As the French soldier in these conditions will march 30 miles a day with 60 lbs. on his back, the test of endurance is no light one. Yet M. Lahy finds that his blood-pressure is slightly diminished rather than increased by the exercise. On the other hand, that of a *savant* working all day in a laboratory is much increased by his work, the average increase rising as high as 30 per cent. But this is nothing to what happens in the case of the type-writer, who after seven hours' continuous work—a pretty severe shift—shows an average increase of blood-pressure of 83 per cent. M. Lahy thinks that what sends the pressure up in the last case is the strain on the attention, which, although present in all mental labour—mathematical calculations, for instance—is peculiarly the cross of the typist. It would seem, also, from the experiment with the soldiers that its ill-effects, so far as they are indicated by the rise in blood-pressure, can be done away with by bodily exercise, which converts the rise into a fall. Yet this theory, if it stands the test of further experiment, may

have far-reaching consequences. Golf, for instance, which makes a strain on the attention as great, though not as incessant as type-writing, is, on this hypothesis, evidently not the ideal relaxation for over-taxed brains.

F. L.

Some New French Books

M. LEON DAUDET'S diatribes are often tinged with an unconscious cruelty, which causes him to overstep the limits mere tact should impose, but his chivalry and ardour in defending what he believes to be the good cause amply compensates for the errors which his natural violence occasionally makes him commit. His most recent book, "*Fantômes et Vivants: Souvenirs des Milieux Littéraires, Politiques et Médicaux, de 1889 à 1905*," published by the Nouvelle Librairie (3 fr. 50) can certainly be ranked amongst his very best. In it, he reveals himself as a first-class teller of anecdotes, as an historian, and as a fine psychologist from whom nothing escapes. His memories have the greatest interest, for Léon Daudet has been so placed as to know all the leading personalities of the political, artistic, and literary world.

Throughout his career he has scourged all those whom he deemed dangerous to the welfare of France. He has a passionate love for his country; and, if one cannot always share his opinion, one cannot help admiring his sincere patriotism. He says, in his preface, that he desires to present his readers with a true picture of Parisian circles; that is why he has written whilst still in the prime of life, so that his work may escape from the attenuation which an advanced age brings to one's judgments.

M. Léon Daudet is a royalist, therefore he wishes, in "*Fantômes et Vivants*," to show his generation the errors of the preceding one, and prove to what degree it is right in turning its back upon the chimerical democracy which has brought France where it is. He describes some of the salons in which, about 1880, many of the greatest persons of the Republic used to meet. He shows us Victor Hugo, already decrepit, surrounded by well-known literary or artistic men—as Léon Cladel, "*le démocrate pouilleux*"; Rodin, busy with the bust of the great poet; Catulle Mendès, "*qui sortait du Parnasse comme du ghetto*"; Jean Aicard, "*au masque de sylvain foudroyé*"; Théodore de Banville and his wife were also familiar figures in Hugo's little house of the Avenue d'Eylau, for, as M. Daudet says poetically, "*Le génie de Hugo était la fleur immense et parfumée où se grisait le papillon diapré de Banville! . . .*" M. Daudet devotes some equally vivid pages to the death and funeral of Victor Hugo; to the select circle around his father Alphonse Daudet; to the de Goncourt brothers; to the salon of the Princesse Mathilde, where "all the armchairs seemed to come from the Malmaison, where all the table-legs were Empire!" In short, "*Fantômes et*

Vivants" contains an excellent recapitulation, written by a generous-hearted if violent gentleman, of a period of the Parisian intellectual world sufficiently near us to be quite familiar, yet sufficiently remote to be intensely interesting.

M. Léopold Lacour directs the series of "*Les Femmes Illustres*," which has already issued some very interesting works; but, not content with this, he has undertaken to enrich it with two volumes from his own good pen. It is perhaps an error. The subject he has chosen, "*Les Maîtresses et les Femmes de Molière*," most interesting in itself, should be treated by a brilliant sceptic witty writer—such as M. Maurice Donnay, for example, who has written a short preface for M. Lacour's work. The order ought to have been reversed. M. Lacour should have written the preface and M. Donnay the book; then their readers would have been satisfied. The author is, no doubt, animated by the very best intentions; he has compiled from innumerable documents; the pity is that we are positively drowned by the downpour of information; we admire his conscientiousness, but search in vain for the charm which ought to emanate from so captivating a subject. Molière, his mistresses and his wife, Madeleine Béjart; la De Brie, la Du Parc, with their brilliant satellites—Molière, Rotrou, Corneille—and the flighty Armande Béjart. But we find little pleasure in making their acquaintance through the mazes of the author's laborious style. M. Léopold Lacour should forget that he is an "*ancien élève de l'Ecole Normale*," and strive to attain greater simplicity, charm, and sympathy in his writings.

An adventurer ought to be considered as a real blessing to humanity. During his life-time he provides it with the delights of fear and curiosity; after his death he amuses it by the narration of his exploits by authors who do their best to throw each trait of the adventurer's life in its highest light. Perhaps no adventurer has furnished so much material as Casanova.

M. Charles Samaran has been tempted to re-tell the life of the famous Venetian adventurer. He has done so without any very great experience as a writer, yet knowing, however, how to present advantageously his hero. One quite regrets not to have met the fascinating rascal. His daring is quite admirable; his cynicism incomparable; his unscrupulousness perfect. His unfaithfulness is remarkable even for the eighteenth century, and his cleverness in getting out of scrapes absolutely astounding. M. Samaran has greatly used the famous memoirs of his hero, and draws an agreeable picture of France and Italy during the most delightfully perverse of centuries. He has not sought to write a life of Casanova, nor a psychological or literary study. He aims rather at "bringing a personal contribution of research to the stories of Casanova's adventures, and at appreciating the value of the statements he furnishes about himself (in his memoirs) and about his times." M. Samaran has succeeded remarkably well.

MARC LOGÉ.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE PANAMA CANAL TOLLS

IN the recent debate on the Foreign Office Vote, Sir Edward Grey made it quite clear that the settlement in regard to the Panama Canal tolls was reached altogether apart from diplomatic pressure, and independent of anything in the nature of *quid pro quo*. From his utterances, which must be taken as final, it is plainly evident that neither bargaining nor representation were resorted to in finding the solution of a problem that at one time seemed to cast a grave reflection upon the good faith of America. That solution was found, to his lasting credit, by the President of the United States, alone and unassisted. Indeed, the correspondence which passed between the Foreign Office and the British Embassy in Washington on the proposed contravention of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is shown to have closed before President Wilson assumed office. The position with which he had to deal when he went to the Capitol was this: The great waterway itself was rapidly approaching completion, and the Legislature had passed the Panama Canal Act of August, 1912, exempting the coastwise trade of the United States from the payment of tolls. There is no disguising the fact that the measure, which constitutes, perhaps, the most flagrant violation of Treaty rights known in history, enjoyed an immense popularity among Americans of all political shades of opinion.

At this stage it is unnecessary to dwell upon the moral aspect of the question. The attitude of a considerable section of the United States public, if significant of human frailty, was none the less explicable. To their country belonged the signal distinction of having overcome the obstacles of Nature, and, by an engineering achievement of first magnitude, of linking together the two great oceans of the world. Therefore, in the exuberance of such a proud moment of realisation it is not a matter for much wonder that national arrogance should obtrude itself. President Wilson saw the danger, and, with a sanity which marks him out a leader among men, took steps to avert it. In calling upon Congress in March to repeal that provision of the Act which gave preferential treatment to American vessels over the shipping commerce of other nations he said:—

I have not come to you to urge my personal views. I come to state to you the facts and the situation. Whatever may be our own differences of opinion concerning this much-debated measure and its meaning, it is not debated outside the United States. Everywhere else the language of the Treaty is given but one interpretation, and that interpretation precludes the exemption I am asking you to repeal. We consented to the Treaty and its language. We accepted it if we did not originate it, and we are too big and powerful and too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or refined a reading of words our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please. The large thing to do is the only thing we can do—voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunder-

stood. We ought to reverse our action without raising the question whether we are right or wrong, and so once more deserve our reputation for generosity and the redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation.

By his great-hearted and courageous attitude President Wilson has won the day over forces that are everywhere losing ground in the United States. He and his school represent the highest political thought in America; and the stand they have made on this occasion will be hailed as an augury in the advancement of those communities who are still known as the Anglo-Saxon peoples. For a century past, Great Britain and America have worked together in the cause of Western civilisation. But with the opening of the floodgates of the Canal will dawn an era in which their activities must be extended and identified in the vast region of the Pacific.

THE DUAL MONARCHY AND SERBIA

Following the tragic events which took place so recently at Serajevo, a period of tension has set in between Serbia and Austria-Hungary. From the indisputable facts now available as to the origin of the crime, it was perhaps inevitable that relations should be strained; but, to impartial minds, the unseemliness characterising the outward and visible manifestations of ill-will in both countries is deplorable in the extreme. To minimise the outrage on Austrian feeling would be as gratuitous and impertinent as it would be to charge the Government at Belgrade with direct complicity in the murders. Indeed, we have but to put ourselves in the place of Austria in order to realise the depth and extent of the abhorrence that has been roused amongst her people; and it is no exaggeration to say that, given to-day a similar set of circumstances, either in Great Britain or America, with the addition of responsibility for those circumstances brought home to a foreign State, there would be a national demand for the incident to be made *casus belli*.

In the present instance, however, there exists no tittle of evidence to show that even remotely the Servian Government had anything to do with the murder of the Archduke and his Consort. Apart from the fact that nothing has been or is likely to be proved against them, it is demonstrable that, as far as the welfare of their country was concerned, no conceivable good, but only evil, could have resulted from the deliberate adoption of a policy of assassination aimed at the Hapsburg dynasty. Nevertheless, the Austrian-Hungarian Press, after observing a decorous moderation in the first few days of the tragedy, has since directed a sharp fusillade of vilification against those responsible for the government of the neighbouring Slav kingdom. And here we cannot help observing that the Government of the Dual Monarchy, ready enough on occasions to utilise the medium of publicity, has shown itself somewhat tardy in counteracting by official *communiqué* or otherwise the unbridled activities of the Vienna and Buda-Pesth newspapers. Naturally there has been a vigorous return fire on the part of the Belgrade Press, but this, let it be emphasised, was not called forth without extreme

provocation. It may safely be assumed, although in spite of the "authoritative statements" of correspondents appearing daily in London journals the strictest secrecy is being maintained in high quarters, that the communications and representations now taking place between the two Governments are accompanied by all the courtesy and restraint that usually characterise diplomatic intercourse.

To what extent, if any, the respective Governments are directly or indirectly employing their public organs it is quite impossible to say. The outstanding fact remains, however, that a sordid quarrel is being fomented between the two countries by irresponsible hotheads goaded into fury by an ephemeral Press. Moreover, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that political motives are being allowed to colour recrimination and counter-recrimination. But the issue will not be left to the decision of a sensational Press or an excited populace. A general Servian conspiracy has been alleged to exist, with headquarters at Belgrade, and the matter is now being thoroughly investigated by M. Pashitch and his colleagues. At the same time an inquiry is taking place into the whole circumstances of the Serajevo crime. It is in these official investigations that the immediate question is centred, and the unseemly din that has been created will not affect ultimate realities. Meanwhile the true significance of the Serajevo tragedy and its immediate sequel is not that it reveals a new complication in the Balkans, but that it throws into sinister relief one that has long been existent.

MOTORING

THE recently announced reduction of one penny per gallon in the retail prices of all grades of petrol may not appear to be of much intrinsic importance, but as an indication of the swing of the pendulum it is really of the greatest significance to the motoring community. Ten years ago petrol of the best quality could be bought for tenpence per gallon, and from that time it has been steadily rising in price until, a year and a half ago, it reached what has fortunately proved to be its maximum figure—1s. 9d. per gallon, an advance of over 100 per cent. Further rises to 2s. or even 2s. 6d. were confidently predicted, and there is little doubt that these all but prohibitive prices would have been exacted if the monopolist petroleum corporations had been allowed to continue their programme unchecked. The reduction referred to, however, is a clear proof that the game is over, and there is every reason to believe that the time is not far distant when the motorist will be able to get all the spirit he wants at something like its proper value. In this connection Mr. Charles Jarrott, the well-known motorist, writes as follows:—"The action of the leading motor spirit purveyors in reducing the price of petrol is a striking and significant tribute to the value of competition against colossal monopolies. It is entirely owing to a steadfast adherence to the

policy determined upon when the Motor Owners' Petrol Combine was inaugurated that the motoring public derives the advantage of the reduction." No doubt Mr. Jarrott is right in claiming credit for the work done by the "Combine" and the other co-operative organisations with a similar object, but it is only fair to point out that the development of the benzole movement has also had a good deal to do with the checking of the monopolists, and for this the credit is due almost entirely to our contemporary *The Motor*, which for years has strenuously advocated and fostered the manufacture of the home-made fuel.

* * *

On Wednesday last the annual meeting of the members of the Automobile Association and Motor Union was held at the Hotel Cecil, and, as has been the case at all the previous meetings, the report made by the Committee constituted a record of continued prosperity. The extraordinary growth of the Association is perhaps the best possible testimonial to the importance and utility of its work in the past, and the extent to which this work has been appreciated by motorists, particularly during the past year, is reflected in the enormous number of new members enrolled during that period. During the year ended April 30 last, no fewer than 25,000 new members joined the Association, bringing the total membership up to nearly 83,000.

* * *

The present writer, in common, no doubt, with many other motorists whose names are known to Mr. A. F. Wilding, the famous lawn-tennis player, has received from that gentleman the following communication:—"Not being wholly engaged in lawn-tennis, I have joined the Victor Tyre Company, but only after I had convinced myself that the Company had a tyre without an equal in the world. I want to notify you that I have secured a personal sporting concession, namely, that you shall be the sole assessor of the value of any possible shortage in the event of any Victor tyre not living up to its extraordinary guarantee, and that such value shall be made good in whatever way you shall decide. I can also offer you a special cash discount of 10 per cent. off the ordinary prices. This offer is a concession I have personally secured, and it applies only, of course, to orders which mention my name." We do not quite know whether Mr. Wilding's offer is intended to be of general application, but, at any rate, there would be no harm in any motorist attempting to avail himself of the concession. It may be mentioned that the guarantee of the Victor ranges from 4,500 to 5,500 miles, and we believe we are correct in saying that there is no other tyre on the market which is vouched for to anything like that mileage.

* * *

As recent announcements in the Press respecting the liquidation of Vauxhall Motors, Limited, may have given rise to misapprehension in certain quarters, it is advisable to point out that this liquidation is a purely formal matter necessitated by the winding up of the old Company. It will be remembered by those in-

terested in financial matters that a few weeks ago a new Company with additional capital was formed under the title Vauxhall Motors (1914), Limited, and the liquidation of the old concern is in compliance with the requirements of the Companies Act.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

NO sooner is one trouble out of the way than another crops up. Last week it seemed that the Ulster question was on the eve of settlement, and nothing has occurred since to shake that view. None of the politicians desire civil war, and it is most improbable that the leaders on either side will permit their men to get out of hand. This, at any rate, is the view held in the City. But although we consider the Ulster trouble practically ended, we are now faced with serious difficulties in Vienna, caused of course by the agitation in Servia. These have reacted upon Berlin, where a large failure has occurred. As the defaulting firm held a big block of Canadian Pacifics, there was a serious slump in this security, and this has again reacted upon Canada and Wall Street. So closely are all the international financial centres allied that a disaster in one instantly produces trouble in another. The financial position in Canada is very bad, and Canadian promoting groups are selling Brazil Tractions as hard as possible. They clearly know more than we do in London about this ill-fated concern.

The new issues continue to go badly. The best reception was that given to the Buenos Ayres and Pacific debenture in which the underwriters only had to take 61 per cent. Most of the others failed to meet with any response from the public. Ratoczyn Extended Oilfields is a promotion of the Hodgson group. The prospectus is not clear as to the profit being made, and the purchase price appears to be £70,000, a large figure for an unproved oil land. We cannot advise any of our readers to apply for the shares. Southern Brazil Electric Company is a holding concern interested in light and power stations and also in a firm of contractors. In the present state of trade in South America, investors would be wise to give the issue a wide berth. Tweefontein Colliery has had a prosperous career and now asks for more money. The issue is a responsible speculation, but it cannot be ranked higher than that. The Broken Hill Proprietary is making an issue of debentures for the purpose of completing a large Iron and Steel plant, the first to be established in Australia; the mine is a profitable enterprise and the interest on the debentures appears to be well secured. Greater Winnipeg Water Board asked for a loan for the purpose of establishing a water service in Winnipeg and the surrounding district. The public refused to apply.

Money continues cheap, and as the market rate is now nearly 1 per cent. below that charged by the Bank of England a reduction to 2½ per cent. seems inevitable. This

will certainly cause a rise in all gilt-edged securities. Consols, Irish Land stock, India stock and railway debentures will gradually improve in value and can be bought with safety.

The Foreign market continues to be nervous. The failure in Berlin alluded to above came as a surprise, but the general position in Berlin is believed to be thoroughly sound. The same cannot be said of Vienna, which has been feeling the effects of the Balkan War for a long time past. Business in Austria-Hungary is very bad, and an economic crisis is certain. The success of the French loan has had very little immediate effect upon the general market, but there is a definite desire to pick up first-class securities and sell second-rate bonds. The latest tale in regard to the Brazil loan is that negotiations are to begin all over again. If such negotiations do begin, we may be quite sure that they will be carried on by the house of Rothschild and by that house alone. Bulgaria has at last concluded her arrangements with the German group of banks and the first instalment of the loan will be offered almost immediately. London will take no part in the issue.

The Home Rail market hardened up considerably. This was not surprising when we remember that a purchaser to-day is buying a six months' interim dividend, and that Great Western, Great Eastern, Great Northern have all held their own, whilst the North Eastern and Midland decreases are probably too small to affect the interim dividend. Lancashire and Yorkshire and London and North Western have done badly, and here the distribution may be cut. Great Central has earned enough to pay in full on the 1889 preference, and it will probably be found that there is a small balance left over for the '91; but any dividend on these will be paid at the end of the year.

The American market has been completely disorganised by the report on the New Haven scandal. This is curious, because every detail of the mismanagement of this road has been public property in Wall Street for months past. Whether any attempt will be made to force the directors and financiers to disgorge is doubtful. The Baltimore and Ohio appears to be doing badly, and the receivership in the C. H. and D. will lock up a large amount of money and cause the B. and O. considerable loss, which it can ill afford to bear at the present moment.

The Malacca report is very bad. Over £80,000 has been charged to capital account, and every year the directors continue this system of financial jugglery. Working costs are over 1s. 6d., and the dividend is cut to 25 per cent. The shares are ridiculously over-valued to-day. Bukit Rajah is very disappointing. The crop for the past year has fallen and the profits and dividend are seriously affected. Bukit Rajahs seem to be fully valued. Rubana and Tali Ayer, two companies in the Straits group, have done fairly well and in each case the shares are reasonably priced. Linggi announced a 15 per cent. dividend for the quarter.

In the Oil market the Spies Company appear to have got over the water trouble in South Baskakoff, and the shares rose when the news was published, but it is clear that there is a "bull" account here, for in spite of an increase in the production the rise in the shares has not held. The big oil combine that is to compete with the Standard, Shell and Mexican has not yet come out. Standard Oil mean fighting and have reduced the price of oil throughout California. There has been a little buying of Lobitos, but on the whole the Oil market for the past week has been dull.

The boom in Kirklands soon died down. The market is confined to a very small section of the House. The shares are made solely for the purpose of a sale to the public, and we again warn our readers to have nothing to do

with this rig. There has been a certain amount of buying in the Russian market. The Tanganyika report failed to affect the market in these shares, which remain at £2. Good news has come in from the Wit Deep, and the shares hardened. But there is no business doing in Kaffirs, and in spite of an interim dividend having been declared by Central Mining the security fell.

In the Miscellaneous market the Lipton meeting did not improve the quotation. The Canadian group continues very weak, and Hudson Bays have been sold down to 8½. The Marconi report is extremely disappointing. The directors refuse to give any information as to the shareholdings. The profits have tumbled to £122,323, a drop of £290,971 on the year, and this in spite of the fact that the par value of shares held in Associated companies has risen £826,637 during the year. As the capital of the company has been increased it will be impossible for Marconi to maintain the 20 per cent. dividend for the current year, unless, of course, another boom arises which will enable the directors to get rid of some of their holdings. This we consider a most improbable thing. Furness Withy report is excellent. The balance-sheet is much stronger, liabilities having decreased and assets written down no less than £350,000 being applied to depreciation.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

S.N., Dover.—Considering that the last balance-sheet of BRAZIL TRACTION showed that the company was very short of cash, it is not surprising that there is a constant attempt to sell stock. We do not credit all the various rumours in regard to this company. Many of them are quite ill-founded. We have always advised our readers to sell on the broad fact that it is impossible to know how the subsidiaries are doing, and that it is equally impossible in these bad days for the parent company to finance them. Therefore, a reconstruction is only a question of time. That the company is unpopular in Brazil is well known, and that some of its franchises will not be renewed has been common talk for a long time past. But the cautious investor looks at the cash position and nothing else.

A.A., Lincoln.—Undoubtedly the best railway stock to purchase to-day is GREAT WESTERN. Its traffic receipts for the half year show a large increase, and every week new business is obtained both for the Birmingham route and for the Fishguard road. GREAT CENTRAL preferred are a long shot, and they may go lower if the 1891 preference dividend is postponed to the end of the year.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE BOY SCOUTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Since I issued my appeal on behalf of the Boy Scouts' Endowment Fund in February an average of about £700 a day has been sent, and the Fund, therefore, has now almost reached £100,000. With a few exceptions, the whole of this amount has been sent by men. I believe the reason for this is that they recognise it as an opportunity for making a valuable step in national insurance against the result of inefficient citizenship. They are glad to take a hand in such a move as a matter of patriotism, but there is nothing sensational about it to appeal to sentiment or charity, and therefore it does not at once catch the attention or enlist the sympathy of all. I cannot help thinking that if this were recognised by the women of England they would not care to be behind, but would be glad—if the case were put to them—to contribute the next

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£100,000. When they have done this there is little doubt but that the men would buckle to and find the remaining £50,000 to complete the scheme.

If one woman in every two hundred and thirty-three would send a sovereign to-day the hundred thousand would be obtained to-morrow, and it would be a sound investment, giving by way of dividend a healthier, happier manhood for our nation in the near future.

In addition, Sir Francis Trippel, who is very kindly helping me in this work, has made a generous offer to turn each one of these hundred thousand sovereigns into guineas as they arrive.

Women can help this national work by—

- (1) Sending their contributions to me at 116, Victoria Street, S.W.
- (2) By sending a line to Sir Francis Trippel, at the same address, offering to assist in forming the Ladies' Committee that will shortly be inaugurated in the cities and big towns of the country to help forward the scheme.

I am especially hoping to secure the recognition of the Lady Mayoresses and the Mayoresses of the country in this work.

I have already explained in the Press that the object of the Fund is—

- (a) To enable us to start Scoutmasters Training Centres throughout the country to assist those men who are so nobly giving up their leisure to this work.
- (b) To provide organisation for specially helping the Scout Troops in poor districts, where at present an immense number of boys become wasters from lack of help which can be given them by the Scout Movement.
- (c) To develop the Sea Scouts.
- (d) To carry on the Scout Farm at Wadhurst, in Sussex.
- (e) To keep old Scouts in touch with their high ideals, and to give them a helping hand when they leave their Troop.
- (f) To develop the Wolf Cubs, i.e., the Junior Scouts.
- (g) To provide proper headquarters organisation to enable us to cope efficiently with the large amount of work that is necessary to ensure the smooth running of the machine.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

Victoria Street, S.W.

AMERICA AND MEXICO.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I think that Mr. Wallace must be labouring under some misapprehension in asking me "Why Mr. Wilson did not prevent raids and munitions of war from entering Mexico from the American side?" etc., since I thought it had been made sufficiently clear that President Wilson did at least try hard to do so, and has at last succeeded, to some purpose. But why or how Mr. Wallace should or could assume that it was ever President Wilson's intention or desire to help Huerta at all I cannot conceive. Neither is it any easier to understand what benefit would have been derived or good purpose effected by "leaving Huerta alone" in order that he might the better "deal with the rebels"! For it appears to me that the "rebels" are more likely to "deal with Huerta," and somewhat drastically, too, it may be opined. But as for those wretched Mexicans, they are all alike, barbarous and bloodthirsty,

and there is no virtue in them other than that of sheer brute-courage. Villa and Caranza are just as bad as Huerta, and Huerta is a bandit and a murderer.

I am, yours, etc.,

Buffalo, U.S.A.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

THE BLAKE SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I inform your readers that the next annual meeting of the Blake Society will be held at the Assembly Room, Chichester, on Wednesday, August 12? A visit will be made to Blake's cottage at Felpham, and papers will be read by several of the members. The Mayor of Brighton hopes to be in the chair. Special arrangements have been made with the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company. I shall be pleased to send particulars and admission ticket gratis to any applicant.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS WRIGHT,

Secretary of the Blake Society.

Cowper School, Olney, Bucks.

July 10, 1914.

BASQUE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Most Honourable Sir,—Mr. Dodgson's second letter deserves no reply of mine, as I think that, although he has much worked in the field of Basque linguistics, he has no sufficient right to criticise others' labour. He, of course, may assert and repeat that my book is a very bad one, incomplete, senseless, full of blunders, etc. I only will observe that my *Bibliographie* is a Basque in 8vo of more than 800 pp., in which several articles extend over 12, 20, and 30 pp.; it is the result of much pain and trouble during twenty-five years with long and patient researches. When, then, M. Dodgson will have done a similar work, instead of the numerous but short papers and pamphlets he has till now published, I will recognise him as an authorised master. I must at present record a well-known passage in the Holy Scripture, viz., Matth. vii, 3.

Yours sincerely,

Paris.

PROFESSOR JULIEN VINSON.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Four Irish Plays.* By St. John G. Ervine. With Portrait. (Maunsell and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Love-Letters of a Young Priest.* By Rupert Field. (Digby, Long and Co. 3s. 6d.)
- La Culture par l'Anglais.* By Floris Delattre. (Henri Didier, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
- By the Western Sea: A Summer Idyll.* By James Baker. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. net.)
- America and the Americans from a Chinese Point of View.* By Dr. Wu Tingfang. With Portrait. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Essays by Hubert* (of the "Sunday Chronicle"). With Portrait. (Max Goschen. 5s. net.)
- Chats on Photography.* By W. Wallington. (Werner Laurie. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Land Union Journal; Revue Critique; Wild Life; Book-seller; Revue Critique; Wednesday Review; Revue Bleue.